"AMERICA FIRST" EXPOSED: JOHN L. SPIVAK'S THIRD ARTICLE

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY OCTOBER 14, 1941

SECRETS OF "AMERICA FIRST'S" PROPAGANDA

Hitler has the "Beobachter"—Lindbergh has "Scribner's Commentator"

Henry Ford's Undercover Tie-Up

By John L. Spivak

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DEAR READER:

Three weeks ago NEW MASSES *told you of the need to raise $7,600 to meet the urgent demands of the printer and paper company. To date you have sent $930. A little more than a tenth of what is needed.*

That can be disastrous.

We explained how our creditors wait for payment until our financial drives. They are impatient today, to say the least. This magazine, of necessity, operates on so slim a financial margin that the matter of a few thousands of dollars can mean its life or death.

The printer has threatened to refuse to let the magazine go to press unless a large part of his bill is paid. Can you imagine what a gap that would leave in the anti-fascist front in these days when Hitler's secret armies must be fought here at home, as well as abroad?

We assume you will not let that happen. But remember the creditors are at the door. They insist on immediate action.

This is as urgent an appeal as we can make. Much more is involved than the life of a magazine. Don't let Lindbergh and his gang gloat: "Well, that's one off our list."

The Editors

(Please turn to page 30)

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NEW MASSES
VOLUME XLI OCTOBER 14 NUMBER 2

SECRETS OF AMERICA FIRST'S PROPAGANDA

John L. Spivak probes the mysterious setup of "Scribner's Commentator," Lindbergh's personal organ. The "Herald" and Julius Streicher's "Der Sturmer." Curious goings-on at Ford's New York offices where hundreds of thousands of letters were coded and filed for secret purposes. E—V—S—'s damaging affidavit.

THE "better citizens" of Lake Geneva, Wis., do not like Jews. They would prefer that Jews do not come to this "little bit of Switzerland in America," even as paying guests. In fact, not only do individual hotels, restaurants, etc., hint broadly in their advertising material that they do not want Jewish patronage, but Lake Geneva is perhaps the only community in the United States whose Chamber of Commerce publicly states as much. The Chicago *Daily News* of Jan. 21, 1941, published an ad which read:

"Come to the Switzerland of America, Lake Geneva, Wis. Write the Chamber of Commerce for complete information. Catering to Gentile clientele."

It is to this exclusive Aryan summer resort, only seventy miles from Chicago, that the magazine *Scribner's Commentator* moved its offices from New York only a few months ago. *Scribner's Commentator* is the unofficial organ of America's appeasers and particularly acts as the voice of our foremost Quisling, Charles A. Lindbergh, member of the national committee of the America First Committee. Why did the magazine move to Lake Geneva? Here is one explanation:

"*Scribner's Commentator* was forced to move from New York to Lake Geneva, Wis., because among other things . . . for some weeks before we left New York our mail bags were rifled and their contents stolen . . . New York has a Jew postmaster and a Jew LaGuardia as mayor." This is from *America in Danger,* by Charles B. Hudson, a pro-Nazi propagandist who mailed out large quantities of Senator Wheeler's speeches under the senator's frank. The false charge of mail-stealing was used to cover up the desire of the men behind the magazine to move to a community where they could operate in the greatest secrecy amid a cozy anti-Semitic atmosphere.

Scribner's Commentator was taken over last year by three men and converted into an organ of the appeasement drive. It played an important part in establishing the short-lived No Foreign Wars Committee, whose activities were absorbed by the America First Committee. Throughout those early days of the appeasement campaign, the shadow of a Nazi emissary with plenty of ready cash moved about in the half-light of international intrigue, conferring with and backing financially the person chosen by the magazine's editor and publisher to head the No Foreign Wars Committee.

The magazine has lost money steadily, but that never seems to bother it. A full page ad in the New York *Times* for propaganda and not circulation purposes means nothing to it, though normally a magazine which is losing money doesn't spend thousands of dollars at a clip to advocate a change in foreign policy. Who are the three men behind this chief organ of the American Vichymen?

THE PUBLISHER of *Scribner's Commentator* is Charles S. Payson of 120 Wall St., New York, a multimillionaire interested in the steel refining business. He apparently works so closely with the America First Chapter in New York that John T. Flynn, its chairman, thought he was a member of its directing board. When I interviewed Flynn, he mistakenly told me Payson was on the board. Payson has informed some people that he held a one-third interest in the magazine. To others he said he got rid of his stock and now has no interest in it at all, though he remains listed as publisher.

Douglas M. Stewart, associate publisher and vice president of the corporation, with no money of his own to speak of, has made numerous visits to Germany since the advent of Hitler.

George T. Eggleston, who used to work for *Life* magazine, is the editor and the most active of the three. He has told some people that he has a one-third interest in the publication, others that he does not have any interest in it outside of his salary. Why these contradictory stories should be going around, I don't know. It's one of those mysterious things you find whenever you approach anything connected with or working with America First.

When Eggleston, Stewart, and the other members of the editorial staff started their round of social life in Lake Geneva, they told the already anti-Semitic community leaders that they were forced to flee New York because the city "has a Jew mayor, the Jews control the city, and the refugee elements" were making life intolerable. Both Eggleston and Stewart sought opportunities to address fraternal and business organizations and pound away at "the Jews." Then "the *Commentator* crowd," as they are referred to locally, decided to establish a national weekly called *The Herald,* which is outspokenly anti-Semitic.

Charles Lind, the business manager of *Scribner's Commentator,* became president of the new corporation publishing the weekly. A local newspaper woman, Rose Cour, was taken on as secretary-treasurer, and the paper launched its career a little over two months ago. The only advertisements were free calls for the readers to join the America First Committee and the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee, headed by the anti-Semitic Avery Brundage, former member of America First's national committee.

It will be remembered that officials of America First insist that their organization has nothing to do with *Scribner's Commentator.* Yet the carefully guarded list of members in the America First national offices in Chicago was duplicated several months ago—just before the anti-Semitic *Herald* was launched. This duplicate list was sent to Mount Morris, Ill., where both *The Herald* and *Scribner's Commentator* are printed. And the America First Committee has bought and is buying 10,000 copies of this anti-Semitic weekly, mailed directly from Mount Morris to the duplicate list.

The Herald's first run was 25,000. The second week was 50,000. Since then it has gone up steadily—and not a dime from advertising revenue to meet the costs. But the editor and publisher seem to have no worries about the deficits.

After several issues of the weekly paper had appeared, some members of the American Legion in Lake Geneva, along with some of the leading citizens in the community who had originally welcomed the newcomers, examined the publications more carefully. They found attacks on Jews, the New Deal, the Roosevelt foreign policy, etc., but not a single criticism of Hitler or the Axis powers, and they became suspicious. They had heard that in the first world war German agents had bought the old New York *Mail* for use as a propaganda medium. Looking back upon conversations which they had had with the editorial and business staff, these leading citizens could not recollect a single word as to

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the sources of the finances which paid for the deluge of propaganda emanating from these newcomers. Nor could they figure out the mysterious appearances and disappearances of people like the strange "Dr. Scott" who was connected with *Scribner's Commentator.*

The payoff came when Stewart and Eggleston left for Des Moines to be with Lindbergh when the latter made his now notorious anti-Semitic address. Before leaving they told some of these citizens that Lindbergh was going "to blow the hell off something." When they came back, they beamed.

"You know," one soft-spoken citizen, who has lived in Lake Geneva all his life told me, "they knew what Lindbergh was going to say, but Lindbergh has never been here. There's something funny about that crowd. It ain't that they just don't like Jews. They're spending a lot of money and where's it comin' from? And not a word against Hitler. It don't add up right. There's something very funny going on and some of us in Lake Geneva don't like it."

IT WAS EGGLESTON and Stewart who persuaded the ebullient Verne Marshall, a small-town, anti-Semitic Iowa editor, to found the No Foreign Wars Committee which noisily blazoned across the American firmament in December 1940. Eggleston also arranged for Marshall to meet the late William Rhodes Davis, a high-pressure big business adventurer who was buying oil for the Nazi regime and had a number of Nazi agents working with him. In October 1939 Davis acted as a Nazi emissary, bringing from Berlin to the American State Department a secret document initialed by Goering. The document contained a so-called peace offer. A year later Davis, in close touch with Goering and other Nazi leaders, offered Marshall all the financial backing needed to carry on propaganda seeking to prevent the United States from interfering with Hitler's plans for world conquest. Eventually, Marshall's crude vehemence on the "Jew question" and his habit of talking too much when cornered by reporters persuaded the "smart money" crowd to get rid of him and the organization. The America First Committee was offering cleverer and more close-mouthed leadership.

As soon as Marshall was persuaded to jump into the turbulent waters of appeasement, Eggleston took him in tow "to meet the boys." On June 10, 1940, the *Scribner's Commentator* editor took him to a dinner given in honor of Merwin K. Hart, head of the New York State Economic Council, a pro-fascist with very high connections in business and politics. It was to Hart that R. Douglas Stuart, director of the America First Committee, wrote on Sept. 30, 1940, ". . . it is imperative that we work together." Charles A. Lindbergh was present at the dinner, as was William Rhodes Davis, the Nazi emissary. Eggleston seemed to know Lindbergh well and introduced Marshall to him. Davis flittered about amiably, patting Marshall on the back and assuring him of all the money he would need.

(Top) NAZI EMISSARY WILLIAM RHODES DAVIS, *oil operator. He brought a secret document to this country signed by Goering, in October 1939. Later he collaborated with George T. Eggleston, editor of* Scribner's Commentator, *and Charles Lindbergh in the appeasement drive. (Middle)* CHARLES S. PAYSON, *multimillionaire publisher of* Scribner's Commentator. *(Bottom)* WILLIAM EDMUNDS, *head of Ford's Edgewater plant.*

Scribner's Commentator, which does not contain even a one-inch ad to meet the cost of publishing, promptly launched a nation-wide propaganda campaign. Lindbergh wrote an article for it. But the magazine's circulation was small, so the article was reprinted. Countless letters went out offering the reprint free to those who wrote in for it. Stewart and Eggleston then got in touch with Harry Bennett, head of the Ford secret service, and Bennett arranged for them to meet the motor magnate, who was soon to become a member of the America First national committee. Later he was dropped in order to enable the organization to clear itself of the anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi stigma attached to Ford's name.

After this meeting Ford blossomed out as a star *Scribner's Commentator* commentator on the world scene, though it is doubtful if the seventy-seven-year-old expert on nuts, bolts, and tin can write a straight paragraph.

Scribner's Commentator was not content to reprint a single Lindbergh article. It went into the business wholesale by mailing reprints of his radio speeches, congressional testimony, etc. His statement to the House Military Affairs Committee was inserted into the *Congressional Record,* reprinted by the government printer at cost, and mailed out under the frank of appeasement senators and congressmen, which saved enormous mailing expenses. Sacksful of these Lindbergh statements were sent to pro-Nazi organizations and individuals for addressing to their selected lists, as well as to *Scribner's Commentator,* America First, and outfits like the Coalition of Patriotic Societies.

The facilities of the small Lake Geneva post office were quickly strained by the avalanche of propaganda emanating from the magazine, so the editorial staff prepared several sacks of mail for specialized lists, bundled them into trucks, and took them to Milwaukee to mail from there. One of the shrewd propaganda methods utilized by the magazine is to publish an article in order to be able to reprint it in large quantities. This reprint is mailed out to a special list. Ostensibly the purpose is to show the reader what interesting articles the magazine publishes and to get a subscription. Actually it serves to propagandize a select list. For instance: Masonic lodges in Europe have been active in political work which is not viewed favorably by certain leading Roman Catholics. Some of the European Masons are now refugees in the United States. The periodical wanted Catholic priests to start worrying about letting these Masons in and especially to call their attention to charges that these Masons have been denounced as "anti-God."

In the latter part of June 1941, *Scribner's Commentator* mailed over 30,000 pieces of propaganda from the Milwaukee post office, addressed to Catholic priests throughout the country. The letter, signed by George T. Eggleston, editor, accompanied the

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reprint. It called the priests' attention to the enclosed article on Freemasonry in Europe and harped on the need for "Christian efforts" to promote peace.

Many letters came to *Scribner's Commentator* commenting on Lindbergh's article and more came to America First. Here were thousands of names and addresses of dupes of the appeasers. There were too many letters for Lindbergh to answer personally, so, according to John T. Flynn, member of the national committee of America First and chairman of the New York chapter, Lindbergh asked America First to answer them.

Flynn told me that the letters were answered and then sent to Lindbergh. Actually, the letters found their way to the editorial offices of *Scribner's Commentator* which were then at 654 Madison Ave., New York.

I HAD HEARD from others and had seen news stories of mysterious activities going on at the Ford Motor Co. offices at 1710 Broadway in Manhattan. I decided that much more was in this than met the eye. I went to Lake Geneva to see if I could probe the mystery.

When *Scribner's Commentator* moved bag and baggage to Lake Geneva, the editor and publisher were keen on having a building which did not adjoin any other building. They wanted plenty of space all around. The only spot available which met their requirements was an old blacksmith shop on Main Street. They leased it for one year and spent over $5,000 fixing it up—which is a lot of money to spend on a short time lease.

Today the former blacksmith shop is a sedate, two-story wooden building painted white. The editorial secretary, tall, well built, and easy on the eyes Bessie Feagin sits in a little room on the ground floor, eying all visitors sharply through her gold rimmed spectacles. She gives the impression of poised efficiency, but underneath is an intangible nervous sharpness.

I asked for Mr. Eggleston. Mr. Eggleston was in California.

I asked for Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart was in New York.

This absence from their desks is one of the interesting things about the mysterious activities surrounding this magazine. The editorial staff is always wandering around. I've worked on magazines in my time and I never had an editor or publisher who cavorted around the country as much as the editor and publisher of this magazine which is losing money steadily and can't afford any extraneous expenditures. Some of the other members of this extraordinary editorial staff wander off even farther afield. There is the mysterious case of the aforementioned "Dr. Scott" who appeared as one of the editorial staff and was introduced around as a "professor from a college in Cleveland." "Dr. Scott" got himself all set for his editorial work and suddenly, literally within four hours, he was packed and on his way to South America. Since there's no advertising to be got in South America and the circulation isn't enough to warrant the expenditure of bus fare to Milwaukee, this sudden trip to centers of Nazi secret activities was strange.

Not finding either the editor or publisher, I asked for the business manager, Charles Lind. Miss Feagin called Lind, who came downstairs from his offices promptly. He said he'd be glad to answer my questions.

"I don't believe I got the name," Miss Feagin said ingratiatingly, preparing to make a note of it. I told her again. She jotted it down on a pad and said casually to Lind:

"Before you start on the interview I think it is important to tend to that memo on your desk. I don't think it can wait."

The business manager looked a trifle bewildered. He had just come from his desk. But he got the idea quickly. Both of them excused themselves and went up stairs. When they returned Lind had changed his mind about answering questions.

"I think you'd better see Mr. Stewart," he said, shifting uncomfortably from one foot to another. "Mr. Stewart will be in from New York this noon. He can tell you everything." Lind fled quickly without even pausing to say goodbye.

"There were some questions I wanted to ask you," I said to Miss Feagin, who had already dismissed me by burrowing her nose in some papers on her desk. Miss Feagin took her glasses off and stared with an icy smile.

"Yes?" she said. "Questions about what?"

"About filing the Lindbergh letters in Ford's secret office—"

She dropped her glasses on her desk.

"I don't understand," she said, picking them up quickly and holding them against the window light to see if they were broken.

"You know the office you had in the Ford building in New York," I explained. "The one where the four ladies coded and filed the—"

"I don't know anything about that," she broke in. For a moment she lost her poise. "Where did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"I'm referring to the offices—" I began.

"It's absolutely untrue!" she exclaimed.

"What is?"

"Why—why—"

"You want to tell me that you never brought cartons of Lindbergh letters to a secret office in the Ford building? That you never went to Washington—"

"I think you'd better talk to Mr. Stewart about that," she said, her excitement rising. "Mr. Stewart can explain everything."

"But you used to take the letters yourself—"

"You'll have to see Mr. Stewart," she said in a high, nervous voice.

At noon I returned to see Mr. Stewart who had just arrived from the East. It was too bad but Mr. Stewart "unfortunately had had to leave. Possibly he'd be back tomorrow. Possibly the day after. He was very sorry he couldn't wait for you."

What is the story of Ford's secret office which made Miss Feagin so jittery? No wonder the lady lost her poise, for this is where Ford's private Gestapo enters the picture, forging a new link in the secret plottings of Hitler's American friends.

IF YOU WERE A CUSTOMER looking for a used car at the Ford Motor Co. offices at 1710 Broadway in Manhattan, you would have to go to the sixth floor. When you got out of the elevator you would be stopped before you took two steps and closely questioned as to where you wanted to go and whom you wanted to see.

This particular floor or rather the southern part of it, was under the direct supervision of William Edmunds of Ford's Edgewater, N. J., plant. Edmunds, reporting directly to Ford, had ordered special guards placed at the elevators to ascertain the business of everyone getting off. Not even old Ford employees who worked in the building were exempt. They too had to explain what they wanted and where they were going. These extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent any unauthorized persons from reaching a double-locked door at the south end.

If you passed inspection at the elevator and wound in and out of the automobiles on display, you reached a door with no name or number on it. If you knocked upon this door, a lady called Gladys La Vance would open it cautiously to see who you were. With Miss La Vance in this guarded room were three other ladies, all sworn to a secrecy so profound that they were not permitted to tell even their own families just what they were doing.

Periodically, a Ford car with a Ford uniformed chauffeur at the wheel would drive up to the building and lug large, heavy cartons to this carefully guarded room. Miss Bessie Feagin, editorial secretary of *Scribner's Commentator,* was invariably along to supervise delivery.

But let one of the ladies in the guarded room with Miss La Vance, Miss E— V— S—, tell the story in her own words. In order to make certain of complete accuracy I am presenting her sworn affidavit. For obvious reasons I am using initials instead of the names of several of those involved. A photostat with the full names is in NEW MASSES' possession and is available to responsible authorities. This is a document that should interest every member of Congress. For it casts a revealing light on the conspiracy against the United States that masquerades under the name of the America First Committee.

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

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E.V.S.'s STORY

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF KINGS } SS

E— V— S— being duly sworn, deposes and says that: I am a resident of the Borough of Manhattan, City and State of New York.

On Oct. 2, 1940, Miss Gladys La Vance, a casual friend whom I had met in the fall of 1939, and who I knew has been employed by the Ford Motor Co. at the New York World's Fair during the summers of 1939 and 1940, telephoned me to ask if I were available for a job with the Ford Co.

When I said that I was, she asked for whom I intended to vote. I replied evasively to the effect that I never permitted my politics to interfere with my earning a living or my earning a living to interfere with my politics.

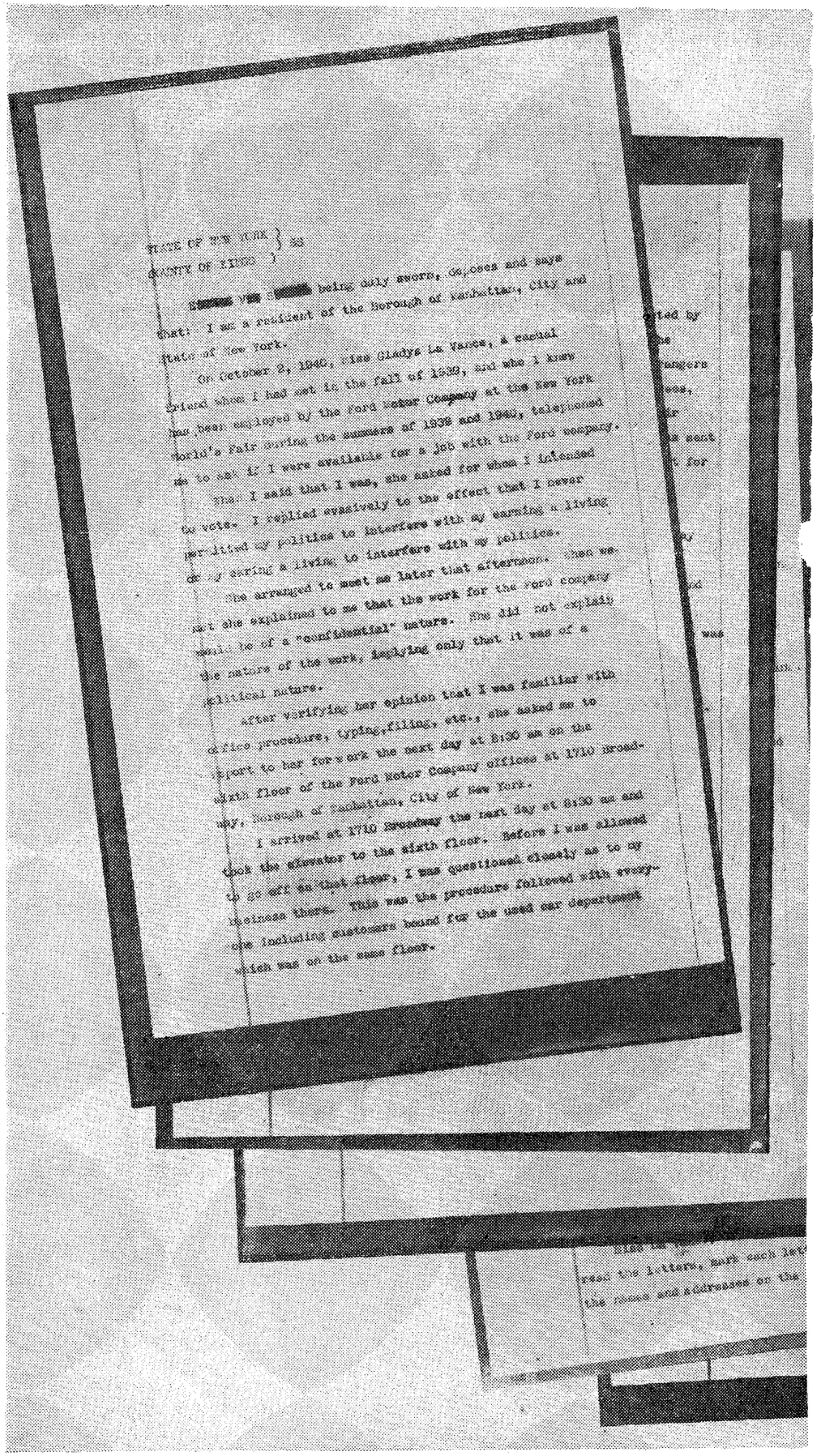
She arranged to meet me later that afternoon. When we met she explained to me that the work for the Ford Co. would be of a "confidential" nature. She did not explain the nature of the work, implying only that it was of a political nature.

After verifying her opinion that I was familiar with office procedure, typing, filing, etc., she asked me to report to her for work the next day at 8:30 AM on the sixth floor of the Ford Motor Co. offices at 1710 Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York.

I arrived at 1710 Broadway the next day at 8:30 AM and took the elevator to the sixth floor. Before I was allowed to go off on that floor, I was questioned closely as to my business there. This was the procedure followed with everyone, including customers bound for the used car department which was on the same floor.

When I got off at the sixth floor, I was directed by the elevator man to an office at the south end of the floor. During all the time I worked there, all strangers who asked for the sixth floor, including Ford employees, were asked their business. Even the typewriter repair man couldn't get in to our office. A Ford porter was sent to the office and took the typewriter to the basement for repair.

I walked across the floor which was the used car department, weaving in and out of automobiles on display before reaching the door of the office where I was to work. The door to the office was locked. I knocked and



THE STARTLING DOCUMENT. *Above is the affidavit which tells E— V— S—'s story. It describes the mysterious goings-on that occurred on the sixth floor of the Ford Motor Co. building at 1710 Broadway in Manhattan. Special guards were stationed at the elevator to take extraordinary precautions with all employees. No unauthorized*

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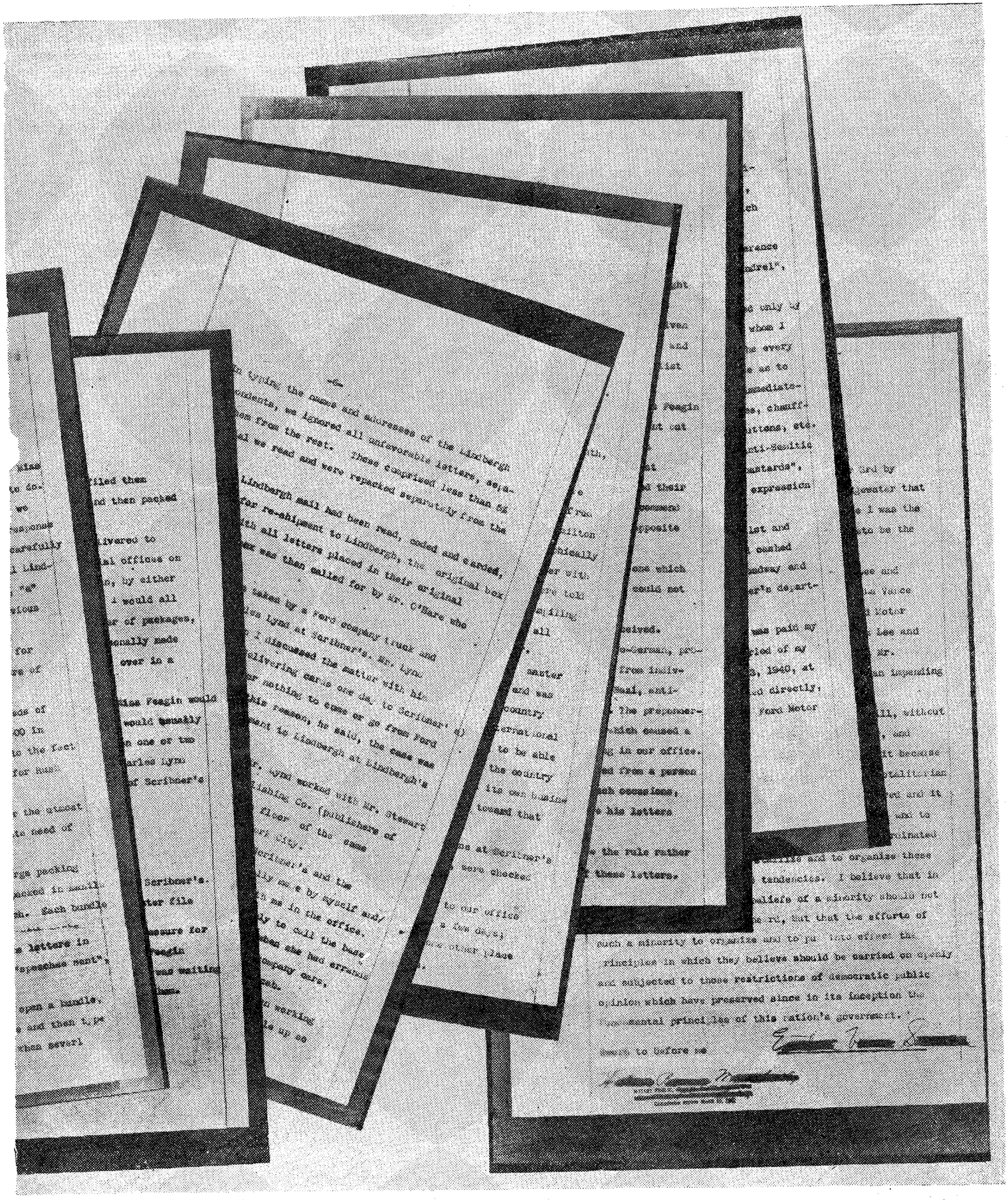

person was allowed to reach the double-locked door at the south end of the floor. Cartons of letters to Lindbergh were coded and filed by a staff sworn to secrecy. After coding, the letters were sent to Lindbergh's home at Lloyd's Neck, L. I. Letters to Cong. Hamilton Fish were also in the lot. Bessie Feagin, of Scribner's Commentator, *directed the work. Why were these letters coded and filed away? What are Lindbergh and Ford plotting? Congress should demand the answers to these questions.*

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was admitted by Miss La Vance.

Miss La Vance introduced me to Miss B— L—, who was to work with me. As soon as the introductions were completed, Miss La Vance telephoned Mr. William Edmunds, a Ford executive with offices at the Ford Edgewater, N. J., plant, and told him in my presence that she and two girls were ready to begin work.

Miss La Vance then explained to Miss L— and me that for the preesnt we would be engaged in reading and coding letters received by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh in response to his radio addresses; and typing the names and addresses of the letter writers on 3 x 5 cards for reference and filing.

Miss La Vance told me on the first day that these names and addresses were to be used for circularizing political material in behalf of the presidential candidacy of Wendell Willkie.

Miss L— and I were warned by Miss La Vance several times that day to avoid any mention to anyone of the nature of our work —not even to members of our families and closest friends. If anyone did ask, she said, we were to say that we were engaged in "studying the feminine appeal of the Ford car." Twice during that day Miss La Vance said that if it were to become known what was being done in our locked office, "We'll be raided by the FBI.

Since Miss La Vance is a very theatrical person, given to over-dramatizing herself and anything with which she is connected, I paid little attention to the remark. However, she repeatedly told me that the door to our office was to be kept *locked* at all times and cautioned both Miss Lee and myself to admit no one except the colored porter; the maintenance superintendent, Mr. O'—, and Mr. Edmunds of the Ford Edgewater office. Miss La Vance told us that the "department" in which we were working was responsible only to Mr. Edmunds, who was responsible for the "department's" work only to Mr. Henry Ford.

Later that day (Oct. 3, 1940) Miss Bessie Feagin of *Scribner's Commentator* came to our office. Miss La Vance explained to Miss L— and me that Miss Feagin was directing the work we were doing. Miss Feagin, she said, was associated with Douglas Stewart, one of the publishers of *Scribner's*. Miss La Vance then told us that it would be all right to admit Miss Feagin.

Miss La Vance said that all our work would come to us from *Scribner's* through Miss Feagin, added that she and Miss Feagin had had previous discussion of the work we were to do.

Miss Feagin then explained to us that the letters we were to work on had been written to Colonel Lindbergh in response to his radio addresses, and that each letter was to be carefully read and coded. She said that the code letter for all Lindbergh mail was "A" with a sub-coding of small letters, "a" to "j", according to information about the sender, obvious or inferred from the letter's contents.

For example: "Aa" for wealthy individuals; "Ad" for officers of organizations or clubs;

YOU DON'T GET MEDALS FOR NOTHING. *When Henry Ford reached seventy-five, the Nazi government honored the manufacturer by awarding him the Grand Cross of the German Eagle. Karl Kapp, former Nazi consul at Cleveland, is pinning the medal on the billionaire. Fritz Heiler, then Nazi consul in Detroit, is looking on. America First has tried to keep its connections with Ford secret. But Spivak made the tie-up clear. The government should inquire further into the details of Ford's association with America First.*

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THE HERALD *has a directorate that interlocks with* Scribner's Commentator. *It is more than reminiscent of Julius Streicher's filthy, anti-Semitic sheets. At the right you see cartoons from the Nazi publication,* Der Stürmer, *with their usual rabid anti-Semitism. At left, you have two typical* Herald *cartoons. Note the Streicher-like caricature of Congressman Dickstein. Note too, the mention of Felix Frankfurter, Harold Laski, Secretary Morgenthau, in the other cartoon. The old Jew-baiting smear. This is the type of newspaper which Hitler devised to overthrow the Weimar Republic. The United States government may well inquire into the motives and financial backing of the* Herald, *and investigate the mysterious setup and secret goals of* Scribner's Commentator.

"Ac" for directors of business, etc.

Miss Feagin told us that there would be hundreds of thousands of names to be listed and spoke of 500,000 in the immediate future. She also referred briefly to the fact that there would be other code letters such as "B" for Rush Holt mail, "F" for Hamilton Fish, etc.

Miss Feagin also emphasized the necessity for the utmost secrecy in our work and talked about the desperate need of "saving the country from Roosevelt."

The letters we worked on came to us in a large packing case, a yard or more square. The letters were packed in manila paper packages in bundles of several hundred each. Each bundle had been marked by Colonel Lindbergh and his staff with marks indicating what disposition had been made of the letters in that particular bundle. These markings were: "speeches sent," "replied," "file," etc.

Miss La Vance, Miss L—, and I would each open a bundle, read the letters, mark each letter with a code and then type the names and addresses on the 3 x 5 cards. When several thousand cards had been typed, I personally filed them alphabetically and arranged them by states and then packed them in a box, or boxes.

As the cards were completed they were delivered to Miss Feagin at *Scribner's Commentator* editorial offices on the fifteenth floor of 654 Madison Ave., Manhattan, by either one or all of us. Miss La Vance, Miss L—, and I would all make the delivery when there were a large number of packages, and any one of us when there were a few. I personally made several deliveries to Miss Feagin, taking them over in a Ford Co. car, driven by a Ford chauffeur.

After setting up a mailing from the cards, Miss Feagin would notify Miss La Vance by telephone and one of us would usually be driven over to pick up the cards, although on one or two occasions Miss Feagin herself, assisted by Mr. Charles Lind of the P. & S. Publishing Co. (publishers of *Scribner's Commentator*), made the delivery to us.

The procedure was this:

1. Letters read, coded, cards typed by us.
2. Cards filed alphabetically by states.
3. Cards delivered by us to Miss Feagin at *Scribner's*.

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4. Cards returned to us for inclusion in master file in our office.

On several occasions we worked under great pressure for several days at a stretch, particularly when Miss Feagin reported to us personally or by telephone that she was waiting for the cards so that she could make a mailing on them.

In typing the names and addresses of the Lindbergh correspondents, we ignored all unfavorable letters, separating them from the rest. These comprised less than five percent of the total we read and were repacked separately from the rest.

When the Lindbergh mail had been read, coded, and carded, and was ready for reshipment to Lindbergh, the original box was repacked with all letters placed in their original wrappings. The box was then called for by Mr. O'— who sealed the box.

The box was then taken by a Ford Co. truck and delivered to Mr. Charles Lind at *Scribner's*. Mr. Lind personally told me when I discussed the matter with him and Miss Feagin (while delivering cards one day to *Scribner's*) that he thought it best for nothing to come or go from Ford direct to Lindbergh. For this reason, he said, the case was to be sent to him for reshipment to Lindbergh at Lindbergh's Lloyd's Neck, L. I., home.

Miss Feagin told us that Mr. Lind worked with Mr. Stewart in the offices of the P. & S. Publishing Co. (publishers of *Scribner's Commentator*) on the ninth floor of the same building at 654 Madison Ave., New York City.

Deliveries of finished cards to *Scribner's* and the pick-up of lists to be typed were usually made by myself and/or one or more of the girls working with me in the office. The reason for this: Miss La Vance had only to call the basement for a Ford Co. car and chauffeur when she had errands to be done. We rode to *Scribner's* in Ford Co. cars, whereas Miss Feagin would have to take a taxicab.

When Miss La Vance, Miss L—, and I had been working about two and a half weeks, the work began to pile up so that it became necessary to get more help. Miss La Vance then arranged for the transfer to her department of Miss D— B—, secretary to Rex Ryan, assistant manager of the Ford exhibit at the World's Fair. I was told by Miss L— and Miss B— that they were both transferred from the Ford fair exhibit to 1710 Broadway and that their salaries of $165 and $130 a month, respectively, were unchanged.

After several weeks of work on the Lindbergh mail, we began to receive from Miss Feagin lists of names taken from mail received by Sen. Rush Holt and Cong. Hamilton Fish. These came over alphabetically but not geographically arranged and we filed them in the master file together with the cards obtained from the Lindbergh letter. We were told by Miss Feagin that the master card file we were compiling at the Ford offices would be the master list for all future mailings by her from *Scribner's Commentator*.

Miss Feagin explained to us one day that the master file would eventually number "millions of names" and was intended to weld together people throughout the country who were of similar opinion on national and international affairs. She said that it was a wonderful thing to be able to get together the names of people throughout the country who all wanted to see the United States "mind its own business" and "stay out of war" and who would work toward that end.

All cards sent to us, which had been done at *Scribner's* or elsewhere before Ford undertook the work, were checked by us against our cards for duplicates.

On several occasions Miss Feagin came to our office and said that she would be out of town for a few days; that she was flying to Washington or to some other place and would return with more lists of names. On one occasion she returned with an additional list of 60,000 names. On still another occasion Miss Feagin brought us what she called "a highly specialized list." This was a list of Lutheran ministers which she said had been given her by a personal friend, himself a Lutheran minister, and "deeply devoted to the cause." She told us that this list of ministers was almost one hundred percent tested.

The word "tested" was used rather loosely by Miss Feagin but later she explained it meant letters had been sent out by *Scribner's* to names listed and favorable responses received. She also explained that such a mailing list needed constant checking because people often changed their minds. She said that while people might write to commend your stand one week, the next week might bring an opposite response from the same person.

This list of Lutheran ministers, she said, was one which was "extremely important" and composed of men who could not be swayed by changes in public opinion, etc.

I read approximately forty percent of the letters received. Thousands of these letters were anti-Semitic, pro-German, pro-Nazi, and pro-fascist. The letters came mostly from individuals. A sprinkling of letters came from pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic, pro-fascist, or pacifist organizations. The preponderance of names were of Germanic origin, a fact which caused a good deal of discussion among the girls working in our office. Once in a while a favorable letter was received from a person with an obviously Jewish name. On several such occasions, Miss La Vance remarked: "He should know where his letters are winding up."

The anti-Semitic letters we handled were the rule rather than the exception. A small percentage of these letters were not openly anti-Semitic but had overtones of anti-Semitism, such as: "I know you will keep fighting, dear Colonel Lindbergh, this international menace which threatens to engulf us." Letters also violently and obscenely attacked President Roosevelt, such as a reference to him as "President Rosenfeld," or "that dirty scoundrel," or "that mad man."

The anti-Semitic tone of the letters was matched only by the anti-Semitic feeling of the Ford employees with whom I came in contact at 1710 Broadway, New York City. The everyday expressions of anti-Semitism were so commonplace as to be taken for granted. This was particularly true immediately preceding the election, when most of the employees, chauffeurs, salesmen, clerks, porters, displayed lapel buttons, etc., for Willkie and against Roosevelt. Some of the anti-Semitic expressions of the Ford employees included: "Jew bastards," "Lousy Jews," "Goddam Jews," "Dirty kikes," and one expression I hadn't heard in twenty-five years: "dirty sheenies."

I received my paychecks semi-monthly on the first and fifteenth of the month from the Ford Motor Co. and cashed them immediately at the Corn Exchange Bank at Broadway and 55th Street after countersignature by the paymaster's department.

Although I worked in the Ford building and was paid my salary by the Ford Motor Co. during the period of my employment from Oct. 3, 1940, and to Dec. 3, 1940, at no time did I ever do any work whatever connected directly, indirectly or remotely with the conduct of the Ford Motor Co.'s business.

I was notified on the morning of December 3 by Miss La Vance that she received notice from Edgewater that her staff was being "cut down by one" and since I was the last to come on the Ford payroll, I would have to be the first to go.

About December 23 Miss B— L— and later, Miss D— B—, told me that Miss La Vance had told them their employment with the Ford Motor Co. would terminate on December 31. Both Miss L— and Miss B— told me that Miss La Vance said that Mr. Edmunds had told her this was made necessary by an impending FBI investigation of their work.

I am giving this affidavit of my own free will, without any coercion on the part of any person whatsoever, and without any remuneration whatsoever. I am doing it because I want to do it, because I feel strongly that a totalitarian trend in this country is being fostered and nurtured and it appals and frightens me to have seen in operation, and to know that there exists in this country, a well coordinated movement endeavoring to crystallize and to organize these totalitarian sentiments and tendencies. I believe that in a democracy the political beliefs of a minority should not only have the right to be heard, but that the efforts of such a minority to organize and put into effect the principles in which they believe should be carried on openly and subjected to those restrictions of democratic public opinion which have preserved since its inception the fundamental principles of this nation's government.

(Signed) E— V —S—.

Sworn to before me
(Signed) W— P— M—
Commission expires March 30, 1942

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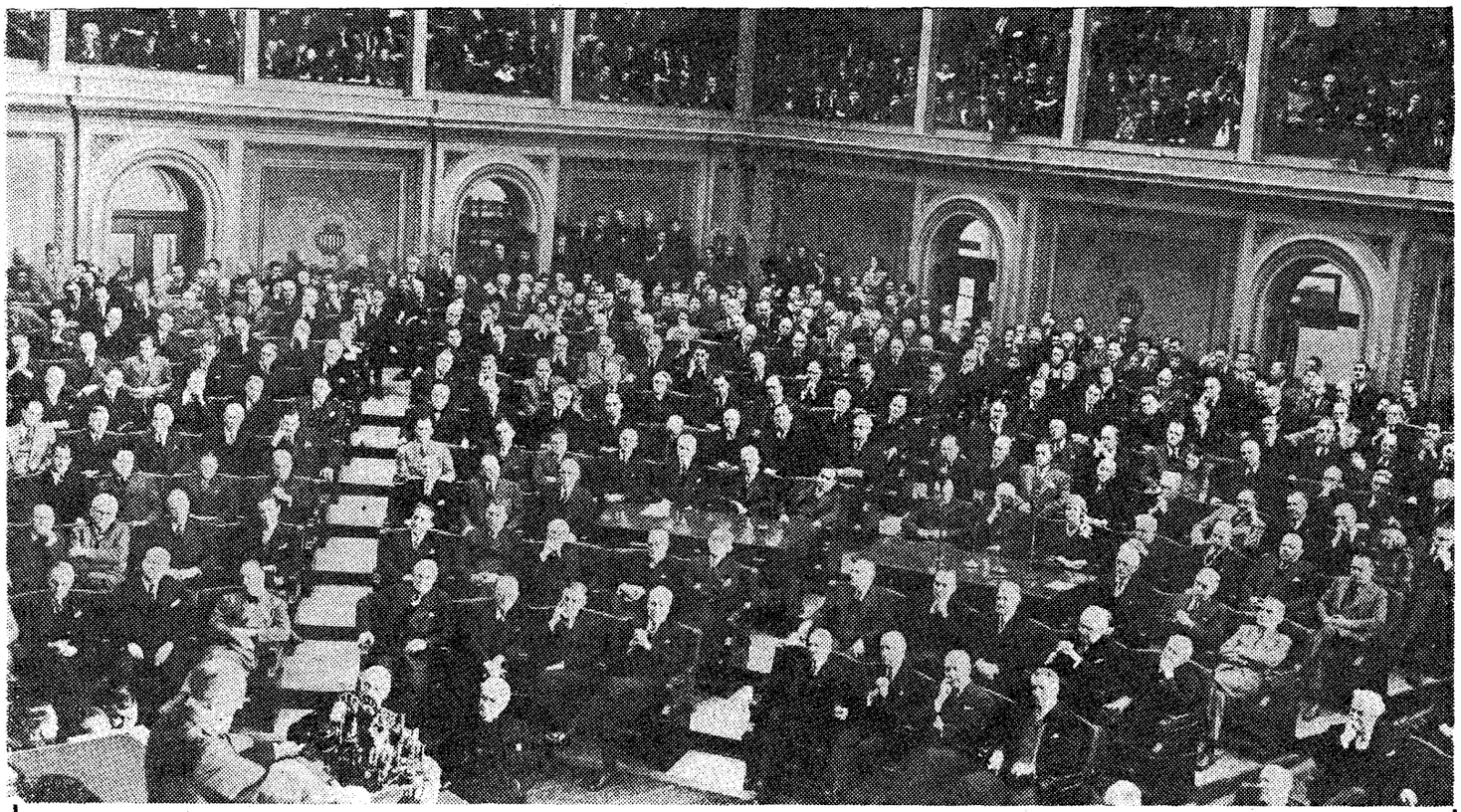

IT'S UP TO YOU

To the Members of the Seventy-Seventh Congress: You are the guardians of American freedom. Your acts are the warp and woof of our nation's future. In this time of heavy trial more than ever do millions not only in this country, but in other lands look to you for leadership. Yours is the power to strike a deadly blow against the Nazi enemy of mankind, or to fumble and permit our own nation to be struck down.

You have appropriated billions for the war against Hitlerism. Many more billions will have to be spent, stern sacrifices made, our own military activity greatly increased before this war can be won. But even our utmost efforts may fail if we allow them to be nullified by those who, consciously or not, are carrying out Hitler's will in the United States. This is the whole meaning of the work of the America First Committee.

In this issue NEW MASSES publishes the third of a series of articles by John L. Spivak exposing the America First Committee. We do not profess to have done more than scratched the surface of this nationwide conspiracy against our country's freedom and security. We intend to continue digging up the facts about the America First Committee, but the time has come when this question can no longer be left solely to an individual publication. The national defense is at stake. Only national action by Congress can end this threat to America. It is as important as building planes and tanks. For planes and tanks can, as the experience of France has shown, be rendered impotent by fifth column saboteurs masquerading as patriots.

NEW MASSES calls for a congressional investigation of the America First Committee and all groups and individuals associated with it. We are happy that we have now been joined by the *New Republic* which makes a similar request in its October 6 issue. NEW MASSES is prepared to place before a congressional committee and before the Department of Justice all evidence in its possession and to give every assistance to smoking out the appeaser cabal that is trying to deliver this nation gagged and bound to Hitler. Mr. Spivak has shown that:

1. The America First Committee is controlled by seven men operating in secret and accountable to no one.

2. It has received a minimum of $1,000,000 from unidentified sources and flatly rejected Mr. Spivak's request to check a dozen names, suspected of being channels for Nazi money.

3. The America First Committee has offered to work secretly with known pro-fascists and has employed professional anti-Semites as official speakers.

4. William R. Castle, former Undersecretary of State, now a member of America First's national committee and closely associated with both Herbert Hoover and Lindbergh, likewise has worked with known pro-fascists. In an interview with Mr. Spivak he endorsed a policy of appeasing Hitler.

5. Lindbergh, Ford, and *Scribner's Commentator,* unofficial organ of the America First Committee, have collaborated in secretly filing and coding—at Ford's expense—thousands of names of persons throughout the country. This is intended to be the basis of a fascist movement of menacing proportions.

Only Congress possesses the legal power to subpena the books and files of the America First Committee and compel testimony from such men as Gen. Robert E. Wood, acting chairman of America First, who refused to answer Mr. Spivak's questions. Only Congress can lift the curtain from the mysterious activities of Lindbergh and find out just what he meant by his recent statement that there may be no elections in 1942 —such predictions are a familiar trick of those who themselves are conspiring to abolish free elections.

The America First Committee has become the rallying center for all sorts of scurrilous un-American groups that incite hatred against Jews, Catholics, Negroes, and the foreign-born. The blackest forces in American life, the Nazi apologists of every breed, find in it their inspiration and active leader. The American people want no truck with fifth columns, with "peace" advocates who are the missionaries of Hitler's barbarous war. They want an airtight national defense, rid of the machinations of spies and traitors. It is up to you, members of the seventy-seventh Congress, to act against the enemy within our gates. Turn the searchlight on the America First Committee. Our country's safety demands nothing less.

THE EDITORS.

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THE HUNDRED DAYS

Ilya Ehrenbourg compares two armies. What Hitler's "knights of the skull and cross bones" will never destroy . . . . Claude Cockburn cables on the attitude of British church groups toward the Soviet Union.

Moscow (by cable)

OUR enemies are well known to me. It has so happened that in the last five years they have always been close to me, either overhead or by my side. I saw them in the skies over Spain and on Paris boulevards. I saw them in their lair in Berlin and also in our country near Bryansk on the central front. I've studied their breed.

Hitler has trained creatures of unusual species. They can hardly be called human beings. First and foremost, they're soldiers trained to do but one thing—wage war. They're well versed in military matters, well armed, and consider war man's natural state. Of humanities, they know next to nothing. Hitlerites with whom I had occasion to speak never heard the names Milton, Cervantes, Tolstoy. They've been inculcated with revulsion for peaceful work. They are automatons wielding automatic firearms.

It would indeed be naive to assume that the Hitlerite army possesses an ideology. A geographic map to a Nazi is only a menu of certain dishes and drinks that may be obtained in restaurants. Their ideology is measured in terms of food and drink. Some armies may have some marauders and robbers. What distinguishes Hitler's army, however, is that pillage is its underlying principle. Generals issue "regulations concerning requisitioning of property." Officers and soldiers with German punctuality enter in notebooks and diaries the exact quantity of loot per day. They go into battle fired by the thought of plunder ahead. They are hungry rats swarming over Europe.

The population of Germany can be divided into two groups: those receiving parcels with loot from the occupied countries and those not receiving.

The economic face of Europe has changed. In the center of the continent is a powerful state where young nomads live. Nazi nomads raid the other states. They leave their wives and children at home and send them foodstuffs and other goods. Millions of German women have become party to this wholesale plunder. I've read hundreds of letters. Once soldiers' womenfolk were sentimental and their letters bore stains of tears. Now they bear stains of saliva dripping from hungry mouths. Gretchens of today demand Russian furs, Ukrainian bacon or sausage, cloth, stockings, soap; one might think their husbands had gone on a shopping tour.

Hitler inculcated the German youth with the spirit of provincial Nietzscheism. War has taught them depravity. Brutality has become the rule. "When I tell Emma how I hanged a Russian woman Bolshevik, she'll give herself to me," writes one of these "supermen." Another makes the general statement: "Women like only brutal men." Sadism has spread far and wide. Calmly the Hitlerites make entries in their diaries, "Shot children, tortured prisoners, hanged partisans." One gang dug up a corpse in a cemetery and made game of the body. This story was told by one of the participants in this "fun" in his diary between descriptions of dinners. Atrocities aren't individual deeds of certain soldiers. In many cities it was the German command that engineered pogroms. We've seen an order of the German High Command advising that no medical aid be rendered to the Russian wounded.

To the Hitler youth, SS men, and the soldiers of motorized units, war is a dangerous but interesting sport, chance of gain without having to work, opportunity for rape and torture; it means parcels for wives and sweethearts, decorations and honors.

Forty-year-old soldiers don't resemble youths. They are still capable of thinking. They remember the books and newspapers published before Hitler came to power. They also remember the year 1918 and the Germany which then also boasted innumerable victories. Forty-year-olds remember too long and Hitler doesn't hold them in much favor. They're surrounded by youths. The older men are kept in the rear where they crumble to the tune of British bombs. Our country is overrun by Nazi youth.

Nobody can question the strength of the German army. A technically well developed country lived with one aim—preparing for war. The Reichswehr supplied Hitler with the necessary cadres. To be sure, the German military experts are not exactly in love with the Austrian painter. But they need Hitler just as Hitler needs them.

Lastly, the entire industry of Europe, from the Skoda Works to the Creusot plants, is working for the German army. Never before has the world known such a powerful war machine. We are not inclined to underestimate the forces of the enemy. The entire brunt of his blows are now borne by us. Only forty-year-olds, Austrians, or semi-invalids remain in the occupied countries. The Luftwaffe has almost forgotten about London. The German tanks have almost forgotten about Egypt. We are faced by an army which destroyed France, Poland, and other countries in a very brief period of time. We're not separated from it by an ocean or even a channel. This horde of highwaymen is our neighbor. In 100 days of war the Germans have seized many of our cities. We've endured a number of trials. The loss of Kiev was not easy to bear. Yet I am confident of our victory.

In the course of fighting we've learned the strong and weak points of the Nazi army. Trained for plunder and brutality, the Hitler youth is exacting and neurotic. Taught to hold the rest of the world in contempt, the Nazi soldiers didn't expect resistance. They feel offended by the Russian resistance. All of them write and speak about the "fanaticism" of the Red Army men. Most indignant are those who took part in the French campaign. They expected to find in our country a General Corap or ministers of the type of Marchandeau and Ybarnegaray, who in their turn would find a Russian Petain. Instead, they've come up against the furious resistance of a united people.

One might have expected that the Nazi soldiers would have become hardened in the course of two years' war, but these pogrom makers have remained city softies. In France they traveled on good roads, they gorged themselves on sumptuous meals in comfortable hotels. Now they're in for it. Their infantry is not used to walking on foot for long distances. After a thirty kilometer march they begin to whimper. They look forward to iron crosses, not corns. Poor roads and mud infuriate them. They complain of cold nights in the woods and marshes. And it is the beginning of October, with Russian winter still to come. The Nazi troops are far from their bases. When darkness descends, the roads become deserted. The Nazis fear the partisans. In December it will be getting dark at three in the afternoon.

Wasteland is all the Nazis found in most of the occupied districts: everything has been removed or burned. Rations are shrinking. The Nazis came for food, but after a thirty kilometer march all they get is 300 grams of bread. Discipline has slackened in the German army. The Hitler boys are beginning to indulge in debaucheries not called for in the regulations. And instead of holding a parade at Mars Field in Leningrad, Marshal von Loeb is compelled to beg his soldiers to refrain from attacking the German sentries guarding the food supplies.

To insolence and affected courage of the German troops, we counterpose the calm valor of the Russian people. I've never heard boastful shouts or bragging songs. There's nothing showy about the heroism of the Soviet men; it seems a continuation of their peaceful endeavors. Time and again when heroes are congratulated and people marvel at their exploits, they merely reply, "It couldn't be otherwise." The unusual seems usual to them. A spirit of self-sacrifice imbues them all. We see our new schools, libraries, and factories being destroyed—all of them built but recently at a cost of great sacrifice. And now they're demolished. Some are destroyed by enemy bombs, others we ourselves have to destroy so that no factories or power stations fall into the enemy's hands. It is being done

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calmly—with bitterness, but stoically. This spirit imbued the collective farmers who mowed down unripe grain or set fire to ricks when the Germans were approaching their villages.

Hitler counted on civil war, fifth column disintegration of our young state. These calculations were naive. Never has there been such internal unity in our country. Sorrow, and hatred for the enemy are the strongest of cements. War has brought us hardships, still greater ones are in store. We've not lived this quarter of a century in a hothouse, nor were we muffled in woolens. What privations can break builders of Magnitogorsk or Kuznetsk? Long marches, January frosts, or bread rusks hold no terror for them.

The people in our factories work with a zeal never seen before. We hope that our allies with their powerful resources will throw their weight in the balance. But arms are not everything; 'tis men who wage war. Every passing day adds to the Red Army's experience. That's as far as brain is concerned. But we also have heart — something the Nazis lack. You can't very well face death day in and day out just for a chicken you expect to steal or for the ambitious plans of the Berlin maniac. The spring gets loose, as in a mechanical toy. Our people face death for something both simple and of great import: they are defending their land and liberty. They have no choice. We either win or perish. Every one of our men knows this.

Terrific battles have been raging now for 100 days and 100 nights. We live with our teeth gritted. We've lost a great deal. They've won so many square kilometers. But every day they are losing more and more of their faith in victory. And we know we will overcome them, we will crush and finish them. We've not lost a single ounce of our faith. One merely has to see a Red Army man in a dugout, a calm lad who says, "Of course we don't want to die." He says that just before going over the top to stare death in the face. Overpowering love for life which has just opened up for our young country—this is what spells defeat for Hitler's "knights of the skull and cross bones."

ILYA EHRENBOURG.

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London (by cable)

WITH what seems to us over here pardonable exasperation, the mass of the British public has slowly awakened this week to the fact that religious prejudices of various kinds have now been injected into the situation as a potentially delaying factor in mobilizing maximum force against Hitlerite Germany. Who is responsible for this new tack it is not easy to say. For the outstanding and important fact is that in the main the churches in Britain, with some extremist exceptions, have dropped the former nonsensical anti-Soviet religious propaganda, and have certainly not, so far, shown any strong inclination to try to interfere in the internal affairs of Soviet Russia or to use the common difficulties and perils of the allied peoples as an opportunity for pushing sectarian aims.

A few days ago I attended a most moving and characteristic meeting in the country town of Dunstable, Bedfordshire—a very ordinary town in the "home counties" with a prewar population of around 12,000, now swollen by evacuees. It was a meeting of Anglo-Soviet unity. The rector of the principal church of England (Episcopalian) was in the chair. The main speaker, who dealt especially with the real position of religion in Russia, was a well known parson from a badly bombed area of the East End of London. In the audience were the leaders of every important religious community in town, with the exception of the Catholics—Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Quakers—each at the head of a considerable contingent of his flock. At the conclusion, the rector rose to point out to all how much Christians have to learn from the heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the Soviet peoples in the common struggle for progress against barbarism. And his attitude was warmly endorsed by all present. This, mind you, is going on in a large number of towns and villages all over the country.

It was a pity that on the recent "day of national prayer," when statements were issued by the heads of churches, only the Archbishop of Canterbury specifically called for prayer for "the armies and people of Russia." One local newspaper printed two pages of sermons not one of which made any reference to the Soviet Union. On the other hand, at St. Philips, Lambeth, representatives of the Soviet Embassy were invited to be present at the service which concluded with the playing of *God Save the King* and the *Internationale*. At an East End church services were advertised on a broadsheet stating: "At this church we have all along urged that there should be a closer understanding with the Soviet Union. Had this been done the peace of the world might have been saved for a generation and much suffering and slaughter avoided." At Leltham recently a demonstration of 5,000 people, including home guards, civil defense workers, and conservative Labor and Communist Party representatives took part in a service of intercession led by the vicar of that parish. And in many of the gigantic and unprecedented Anglo-Soviet unity demonstrations now taking place, the churches have been as fully represented as the political parties, the cooperative organizations, and the civil defense services and police force. The Bishop of Chelmsford, cracking back at critics in the most recent issue of his *Diocesan Chronicle,* says: "The remarks I made last month let loose upon me a number of letters, about half of which were angry and abusive. I did not find in any of this correspondence any reason for altering my opinion either upon the Russian entry into the war or the conduct of the pious and shifty toads centered in Vichy. Russia is a country which is officially atheistic but which contains millions of Christians. England is a country which is officially Christian but contains millions of virtual atheists. I much prefer England to Russia as a country to live in: but I would much rather live in Russia than in Spain, Italy, or Germany, countries which have a form of Godliness but deny the power thereof."

Egleston

I do not want to pretend that the picture of religious activity is an unrelievedly bright one. There are some very dark patches. For example, Councilor Cormack of Edinburgh City Council, a leader of the extremist Catholic-baiting organization known as "Protestant Action," has just been arrested under the defense regulations following publication of a leaflet by the Edinburgh Communist Party demanding that he be put on trial for subversive activities. At the other end of the sectarian scale there have been some pretty clear indications of maneuvers by certain Catholic groups—the same who, by their influence in high places and, on a smaller scale in certain trade unions, exercised such a disastrous influence on behalf of Hitler and Mussolini during the Spanish war. Nobody is under any illusions about the fact that the "pious and shifty toads centered in Vichy," to use the Bishop's words, have monstrously benefited as a result of such influences. And so without a doubt has the Franco government in Madrid, which relies upon its more or less undercover supporters in Britain to prevent any action being taken against it even when it actually dispatches troops—of a sort—to fight on the Eastern Front against Britain's great ally, harbors at least 80,000 armed Nazi "tourists" within its borders, and permits its ports and oil supplies to be used by Britain's enemies in the Mediterranean.

Nevertheless, it would be quite wrong to represent these extreme sinister influences as dominant here. That would be to underestimate the enormous and growing determination of the British man and woman in the street. They insist that such influences be swept away, that the decisions of the great three-power Moscow conference be carried out to the full, and that the government be supported in all its efforts to strengthen itself and turn itself into a real "win the war" government. And for these objectives the people are prepared to make every sacrifice in the common cause and for the common victory.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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FARMING FOR DEFENSE

Barbara Giles explains the farmers' plans to raise production of vital foods. An all-out program to aid the allies and industry's workers. The recent regional conferences.

ANYONE looking for embattled farmers in Manhattan would have found them recently, 400 strong, just a block east of Broadway. In the lobby of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel I overheard a new angle on Central Park: "It's a nice place, all right, but you could grow a lot of potatoes in that space." It was said jokingly but the remark had a certain meaning. These farmers were talking about how to *raise* production—not, as for the past decade, how to put the lid on. America needs food, Britain needs food, and all Europe will need it vastly for a long time after the war. The sunburned men who sat in the Barbizon's Plaza's elegant concert hall had come at Secretary of Agriculture Wickard's invitation to confer with him and his Department experts on how to get that food —out of the ground, to the hungry here, across oceans. They were matter-of-fact men, who would probably die before admitting that they consider fine dairy cows as exciting as dive bombers, and there was a minimum of oratory. The question was *how* to produce more —it was rather taken for granted that much more was necessary if the panzers were to be licked and everyone wanted to lick the panzers.

The biggest production in history—that's the goal nationally, and Secretary Wickard says that farmers at his regional conferences in Chicago and Salt Lake City (there's been another since at Memphis) were just as responsive as these in the Northeast. In pounds of milk, millions of acres, dozens of eggs, the program sounds dizzy but such figures mean little without a good deal of interpretation. It's just about as specific to say that they signify Butter for Britain, or Vitamins for Victory. The most helpful figure is that production for 1942 is expected to be fifteen percent more than the annual average for 1924-29. About eight to ten percent of that is destined for Britain under the Lend-Lease Act. Most of the remainder will be consumed directly here, and some is to go into food "stockpiles." Meanwhile the farmer will have a real chance against the wolf that's been prowling so long at a door marked "Surplus." His income is up now, well over 1940, the miserable price of his produce has risen seventeen percent, and even land which was as cheap as the dirt itself has taken on new value.

"Farmers like to produce, they want to produce, and *will* produce," Secretary Wickard explained to me after he had finished speaking to the group, "—if they can get their stuff to the people. They should be able to do that now. So far, about 600,000 tons of farm products have gone to Britain and at least $1,000,000,000 worth more is called for within the next five months. Besides, we have the millions of undernourished here to feed."

He told how the Department of Agriculture had consulted with nutrition experts before arriving at the 1942 goal; his slogan, "Food will win the war and write the peace" applies to American defenders against Hitler as well as to our allies, and to civilian defenders as well as soldiers. "But it won't be like the last world war," the Secretary emphasized. "That was unplanned. We don't intend to take the lid off all production. Wheat, for example—there is more wheat in the world right now than there ever has been. We don't even know where to store it; in some places it's lying out on the ground. We still have a surplus of cotton and tobacco, too. Production of such things won't be raised, in fact it will in some cases be decreased. The idea is to produce other things instead, such as milk, dairy products, meats, fruits, and vegetables. These are the things most needed in England and they're the foods that have vitamins and minerals for health."

He smiled when I asked him about farm aid to the Soviet Union. "That would be like carrying coals to Newcastle." But if the war went on long enough, and with the scorched-earth policy—? "The question hasn't come up yet," Wickard responded. "If it does—" he broke off with a non-committal gesture. It was, I discovered during the course of the interview, a Wickard characteristic to take first things first. He thinks in long-time terms but works things out cautiously. He owns a 350-acre hog-and-corn farm back home in Indiana. In speech he is not so much slow as thoughtful—a rather deep voice with a hint of Hoosier twang. He makes you remember Sunday roast pork dinners and breakfast-table speculations on whether it will rain today. There is, however, a touch of authority, a sort of assurance that comes from knowledge of one's facts, in his discussion of immediate problems. He showed this especially when I brought up the subject of industrial wages. A handful of reactionaries had insisted in the preceding session of the conference that organized labor in industry was their enemy: high wages and strikes were running up prices on materials bought by the farmer, taking his labor supply.

"But the working man with a bigger pay envelope is the farmer's best market," Wickard said. "A laborer spends far more of his income than anyone else does for food. Now, if the farmer were selling only to well-to-do people, or even to white-collar workers and professionals, their higher pay wouldn't mean so much to him. They probably wouldn't increase their food budget over what it is now. The workingman, on the other hand, wants two eggs instead of one with his bacon; he needs more food because of the work he is doing, and if he can buy it he will. His family also requires more food than it actually gets as a rule, so a larger housekeeping allowance means money in the overalls pocket. Farmers should be glad when additional income goes to people who, the farmer knows, will be sure to buy more food—and we do know where the laboring man's dollar goes."

And about labor supply: "That's more a problem here than in other parts of the country," the Secretary explained, "because the competition from industry is greater. Of course there's plenty of unskilled labor still. But skilled labor on a farm means technicians, experts—the sort of people that grow up on a farm and know what's it all about. They're particularly necessary in agriculture. If a factory machine breaks down it can be repaired, but you can't do anything about milking a cow if there's no one who knows how to milk her. Naturally, if industry can pay higher wages it will attract skilled labor from the farms. We're trying to meet that problem now. Farmers are being asked to apply to the government employment agencies, which keep in touch with farm labor supply, and plans are being discussed for training workers to function on the farm. Draft deferment for people needed in agriculture is also being asked. Of course if the farmer makes enough, that is, sells his increased production for a good enough price, he will be able to pay higher wages. As it is, farm wages are higher than they've been in more than ten years. But then they were extremely low for years; they're still lower than industry's."

WHEN I asked about agricultural prices Secretary Wickard referred me to his order of September 8, guaranteeing eighty-five percent parity until Dec. 31, 1942, on a list of "non-basic" commodities most needed—cheese, eggs, pork products, etc. At present prices are already ninety-seven percent of parity—with

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the government giving farmers an eighty-five percent guarantee. A more urgent problem just at this time is shortage of farm equipment and material. Farmers want to know how the heck they can beat their plowshares into swords if they can't get the plowshares. Priority defense ratings have been given to farm machinery, but: "If you are being held up by a robber," Wickard put it, "and someone offered you a gun and a sandwich, which would you take first?" Nevertheless, the sandwich is necessary too, if the man is to be kept in a condition for resisting robbers, and the head of the Office of Agricultural Defense Relations, M. Clifford Townsend, has been kept busy negotiating with priorities officials. (At the time I talked with Wickard, Donald M. Nelson had not made his announcement that a direct-allocation system instead of priorities would be tested in the field of farm implements.)

There were a lot more questions I wanted to ask but the interview had already run overtime. It would never have taken place except for the Secretary's extreme courtesy. I had cornered him as he stepped down from the platform and he was too polite to refuse—not until later did I discover that he was suffering from an attack of grippe that had caused him to cancel all press interviews. Under the circumstances it was impossible to ask him more than the "few questions" he had agreed to answer. Some, however, do demand an answer. One of the most important is: Will the goal set for 1942 really meet requirements? On this point it's easily possible that the first-things-first attitude has perils of overcaution. The "highest goal in history" sounds rather larger than it is. Actually, it means only two percent over 1941 production, and though 1941 is the most productive agricultural year we've ever known, it can't be said that undernourishment, even in America, has diminished appreciably. Moreover, it is surely more practical to worry about Europe's inestimably huge needs during the coming year than to limit calculations with the problem of storage. Which is not meant to belittle that problem—it is real and tough—but a much tougher one would be how to produce a million more hogs all of a sudden.

Nor is the farm price headache cured yet. Total farm income for this year is forecast at $10,700,000,000, the largest in more than a decade but still only nine percent of the estimated national income, though farm population is twenty-five percent of the national total. The farmer has by no means been freed of the old "squeeze" situation—having to pay more for the things he buys than he receives for what he sells.

A great deal of noise has been made about the fact that agricultural prices have gone up seventeen percent and now approach parity. To a great many people "parity" has the same sound as "equality." But it isn't the same; it refers only to the relationship of farm to industrial prices, taking the 1910-14 period as 100. (The administration's price control bill proposes a top parity of 110 percent.) As for the seventeen percent increase, it is startling mostly because we have become accustomed to impossibly low agricultural prices. And don't blame the small farmer, blame the big food companies and speculators, for unreasonable rises in the cost of retail foodstuffs.

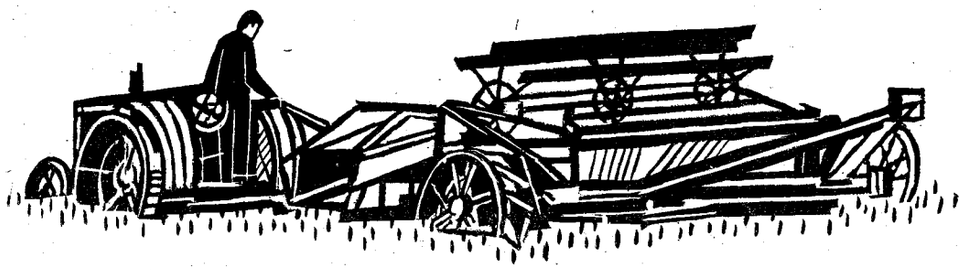
The danger lies not in raising farm prices to the farmer—that must be done—but rather in permitting the food corporations to raise consumer prices on farm products. Such price increases will pinch the farmer as well as consumer, by pinching the market. As it is, the problem of distribution ranks next to supply. It's all very well to talk about fatter payrolls and less unemployment; the fact still is that millions of American families continue to observe "meatless" days—and more than once a week—because they can't afford meat. The fact still is that more than 5,000,000 people are unemployed and non-defense industries are having to fold for lack of materials. Sales taxes, the higher cost of goods, increased rents—these things will slice the food budget of the very people whom Secretary Wickard points out as the farmer's best market.

ALL of which means that the farm problem is tied in with national defense problems as a whole. If industry will produce more, keep its wages up and prices down, the farmer can do the same thing. It is significant that the men who cry loudest for low ceilings on farm prices are the same ones who demand wage ceilings. A "ceiling" is not the real solution. The solution lies in using our manpower and resources to build up supply and markets at the same time. And the farm market, remember, is not only the army of industrial labor but twelve million agricultural workers themselves who, it is sometimes forgotten, must purchase farm as well as industrial products. Wickard remarked when I talked with him that he was planning to confer with the heads of the Farmers Union, American Farm Federation, National Grange, and the National Council of Farmers Cooperatives, on labor supply and farm production in general. To draw the farm worker into active participation in the planning and management of the defense program is as essential as to draw in the small farmers—as essential, for that matter, as to give organized labor its important share in the industrial side of the program. These three groups, with mutual interests, can cooperate toward mutual goals.

One of the first points of cooperation should be resistance to cuts in appropriations. Relief funds for both city and farm unemployed are still necessary to sustain buying power. They are being pared down by the wage-ceiling crowd, which will also try to lower appropriations for agriculture. The excuse here is that parity will now take care of itself so government funds to effect it aren't needed. But it is foolishly dangerous to withhold appropriations from the Department of Agriculture as a whole. Now, if ever, is the time its services—aid to small farmers and tenant farmers, rural electrification, soil conservation, to name only a few—are most important, when every penny of that aid will come out in abundance for defense. However, it will take some hard battling to hush the monopolists who have yelled every time a dollar was appropriated for agriculture. As a matter of fact the wealthy farmers and the insurance companies have been getting the largest share of appropriations rather than the neediest farmers. And it isn't out of order to call for another form of "parity" appropriations, to be used as a sort of bonus for higher production instead of reduced acreages. "Subsidy" or not, the money would be spent for as good a cause as one can find—abundant food at reasonable prices.

But if the agricultural situation is not all as rosy as wine—if it still contains the dregs of problems inseparable from monopoly capitalism as a whole—it nevertheless has a happier hue than for decades past. AAA men are now signing up farmers, not for allotments but pledges to produce more. Each farmer is told what the national quota is, what state and county goals have been set, and asked how much he can contribute—so many heifers, so many eggs, so much milk or vegetables? He has far more assurance that he won't be turning out good food that will have to be destroyed for want of a buyer. Grain farmers are to be protected from speculation by the Ever-Normal Granary, and "one-crop" farmers whose production has to be cut rather than increased will be helped to grow other things. The national planning involved in all this is alone a new and very healthy development for farmers. Most important, the farmer is given an opportunity to speed up his part in the all-out against Adolph. The men at the conference in New York applauded most one of the few departures from the price-of-eggs tone of discussion, when J. Ralph Graham, chairman of the New Hampshire Agricultural Defense Board, declared that "We are committed to Hitler's defeat and we are willing to pay the price!" That, as a man back of me remarked, was "telling 'em." The farmers are now out to show 'em.

BARBARA GILES.



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Strictly Personal
by
RUTH McKENNEY

"JUDEN VERBOTEN"

THE women knitted placidly on the veranda of the beautiful hotel. Sometimes they looked down at their knees to count the stitches, but mostly they stared across the valley, bright now with autumn colors, to the White Mountains on the horizon.

The mountains were rounded and graceful with age, covered, except at their very summits, with evergreens. All the ladies regarded the White Mountains with affection, but not with excitement. They had seen taller mountains in California and more spectacular peaks in Canada, and even in Austria and Italy. They were rich ladies, these knitters, and sophisticated after a manner, but they were Americans. You had to admit that the White Mountains were practically dwarfs compared to the Rockies. The women who knitted spoke of them in the same tone of voice they reserved for children or the not-quite-bright.

Still the mountains had a certain majesty. Hawthorne loved these graceful peaks. And Emerson had come here for vacations. And before that, long-haired pioneers had fought their way through the snows and springtime floods to these rich and lovely valleys. The mountains were very American. They were history looking you in the face. Other ranges might be bigger, but the White Mountains reminded the ladies on the hotel porch of the Revolutionary War and other solemn events in their country's history. The White Mountains were New England, cradle of a nation's freedom, the stern and rockbound breeding place of Abolition and woman's suffrage, no taxation without representation, and the covered wagon. Every hamlet in these mountains had its monument to the heroic dead of the Civil War, the names in these cemeteries peopled Ohio and Kansas and California.

The women who knitted one and purled two were not without knowledge of New England, and the White Mountains, for all their diminutive size, touched their hearts. So they spoke idly, first of the young lady named Edna who was certainly after that nice young doctor, and then they drifted onto the subject of Hawthorne.

In a brief silence Mrs. James, who was thin and brisk and nearly sixty, turned over her pattern, counted under her breath, negotiated a difficult turn on the sweater, and then said, "This is my fourth sweater."

Mrs. Raleigh, who was shaped like a very large, bustly pigeon, very fat on top with thin legs and ankles, murmured, "Wonderful." She heaved a sigh, a startling operation in one of Mrs. Raleigh's figure. Mrs. Raleigh said, "I don't really like to knit, but it seems as though one must do something."

The other ladies nodded.

Mrs. James said, "The suffering Hitler has caused!"

Mrs. Raleigh's chins shook with genuine emotion. "The Middle Ages!" she cried.

Mrs. Forger shuddered, and through the heavy coating of powder her face showed sorrow. "I was talking to Reverend Silton not long ago. You know he made that survey of conditions in Europe. Awful. Simply awful, the things he told me. I could hardly bear to listen to him."

The women knitted and looked at the mountains in silence. Although they had nothing else to say about world politics, they felt awkward, and unwilling to bring the conversation back to trivia. But after a moment the waitress appeared with afternoon tea. The women began to scrape their chairs about to face the neatly laid tea wagon, and in the little flurry of excitement, the difficult moment was passed. As they reached for the toast and frosted cakes, poured their fragrant cups and spread strawberry jam, they talked comfortably, this time about a lady named Mamie, of their own age, widowed like themselves and left "comfortable" by her husband. Mamie was planning to marry again, and a penniless character too, years younger than herself. Mrs. James was frankly horrified, and Mrs. Raleigh giggled and said she hoped Mamie wasn't murdered for her insurance.

Mrs. Forger laughed loudly, and was about to add that Mamie was no fool, when Mrs. Raleigh nudged her. Mrs. Raleigh turned in the direction of the nudge. Strangers were approaching the veranda. The ladies could see the dusty car parked in the driveway, and the luggage overflowing from the back of the car to the running boards. Two children appeared first, a girl of about seven, and a boy around five. They were very decorous, trotting up the stairs, but the view from the veranda pleased them, and they hopped about, calling to their mother, "Are we going to stay here, are we, are we?"

The mother hushed them down. She seemed tired, evidently from a long journey, and the knitters noticed the New York license plates on the car. But the mother seemed pleased and happy, too.

"It's such a nice view from the veranda," she said to her husband.

The father smiled. "Not bad for a vacation." He patted his wife's arm. "You wait here. I don't think they'll be full this time of the year, but no use unloading until we know."

The father went in through the broad double door to the hotel lounge. The mother sat down in a wicker rocking chair, smiling and looking at the mountains. The kids gamboled down the stairs, delighted to be free of the prison of the back seat.

The knitters spoke in low tones. Mrs. James said, "I could swear they are. That nose. I never miss one, can tell 'em every time."

Mrs. Raleigh said bitterly, "Imagine their coming here. The nerve!"

Mrs. Forger said, "Of course there are so many empty rooms just now, the season's over. Do you think they'll let them? . . ."

Mrs. James snorted. "I should say not. Why, it would get around in no time. They have to keep their standards up, my dear."

Mrs. Forger was relieved. "I'd hate to think of this place spoiled."

The mother glanced up at the sound of the voices, and the knitters fell into uneasy silence. But the mother had not heard. She smiled as she caught their eyes. Mrs. James bent over her knitting.

In a moment the father returned. The father's face was bitter and he looked years older. The mother needed only a glance to rise to her feet. "Darling, what's the . . ."

"No Jews," the father said loudly.

The knitters winced. "The nerve of that man," Mrs. Raleigh murmured, "coming here where he's not wanted, and . . . ."

The mother said, "Abe, not so loud, darling. The children." She began to speak rapidly in a low voice. The knitters could hardly hear her, and they strained their ears.

"Darling. Darling. Don't let the children know. They're so little, they can't understand, don't, darling, don't."

The father hesitated. Then he clipped off his words, and still speaking loudly enough to reach the knitters, he said, "They said it was on a sign."

The mother glanced nervously around the veranda. The father bent over the railing, and then they saw the brass sign, neatly polished. "Selected Clientele."

"I didn't see it," the mother said, biting her lip, and the knitters knew she was very close to tears.

The father clenched his fists. "These bastards," he said, and the knitters jumped, afraid. The children came up the stairs. The little girl said, fear in her voice, "Daddy! What's wrong, Daddy?"

The mother looked up at her husband, and the knitters saw her tremble. The father said slowly, his voice a terrible imitation of casual joy, "Nothing, darling. They don't have rooms here nice enough for our vacation. We're going on."

But the child was not entirely reassured. She began to lead her little brother down the stairs, but haltingly, dragging her feet. Her mother said, "We're going to find some place nearer to the Old Man of the Mountains, darling. Won't that be fun?"

The little girl was pleased. Her mother's voice was light and gay. "Swell," the little girl said, and skipped, making the little boy run behind her to the car.

Mrs. James said, when the car had backed down the drive, "They really ought to have their signs up nearer the highway, so people couldn't make a mistake."

The ladies nodded, and knitting, looked at the mountains, now rosy colored in the light of the setting sun.

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SPRING

He would find work somehow, he told himself. And behind him, he left the tired land that once had been his. A short story by Ben Field.

THE shad toads were crying, the geese were lining their nests. But Hen Wagner knew he would not see another spring on the farm. Things had gone from bad to worse. People had come down to the farm who talked of buying.

"It wonders me," he said to his wife and her brother, John, "it wonders me how a fella kin make a go of it on a farm. Father lost hisn, and we kids worked hard. Now it's this one, and we better go."

His wife moved up and down the room, the baggy calico dress hanging over her broad hips. With her large bewildered eyes on the men, she moved heavily from one end of the kitchen to the other.

"If, John, you could come stay, we could hang on a little bit anaway," said Hen Wagner.

"I doubt it," said John, a huge rasp of a man. He had come down from the mountain where he was lumbering, at his brother-in-law's call for help. Years ago he had left the farm, and nothing could induce him to come back.

"You could try," pleaded little Hen, standing shy-eyed and stoop-shouldered before him.

"Try climbin' the moon a piece. I figgered her out, and she don't clinch. You ain't had enough for yourself and her." John butted his massive head in the direction of his sister, who had stopped in the corner where the almanacs and "First Aid to the Cow" hung on a nail.

"The security fella from the gov'ment, he come and say I need extry help, a job, or somethin'," said Hen. "Where's a job down here?"

"Ain't no use," said John. "You hang on here, you ain't comin' out with no shirt."

Hen sighed. "You don't know if it's gee or haw. Onct I think mebbe I make out with that milk. Then them dealers go cut it again. Bring it down to the creamery, and they give you all them classes till you gits dizzy. Last summer the milk's got a white clover smell, and they send it back. All winter that there inspector, he comes round, and there ain't a spoon manure in that barn, but he give me a dressin' down."

"Didn't them politicians say they give a hand?" demanded Hen's wife, stopping in front of him. She was a big woman with strong coarse features and a harsh voice which belied the essential sweetness of her nature and her simple heart.

Hen dropped his faded eyes. "Sure, they give me a little road work and puttin' up snow fences. But that ain't enough. Yestiday I seen the supervisor again, and he show me the papers. He can't do nathin' about it. Sure, if I hold on here next year mebbe we jest come out with nathin' but the skin. The Federal Land Bank come again and look over the farm. They can't give me that commissioner mortgage. It ain't worth it, the bank fella says." His mouth made an "o" as if the air were charged too thin. "So it's go dig some other place. We can't hang on." He looked appealingly for the last time at big John, who sat there set as a barn beam. Then, screwing up his face, he walked out of the farmhouse, too moved to say anything else.

Crossing the yard, Hen found himself near the goosehouse. He looked in at the fresh nests. He was keeping his geese, his chickens, a cow. Up in the mountain where he was moving after selling, there was cheap land to rent. Up in the mountain there were woods and a quarry where a man could hunt work.

He shut the door of the goosehouse softly. How the toads were singing. In his patched overalls and his round hat from which his grayish hair stuck, he stood in the moonlight listening to them. Instead of returning to the farmhouse, he stumped over the fields which he and his wife had cleared, piling stones shaped like loaves and eggs into the fencerows. Before him were the woods, terribly thin now, where both of them had lumbered every winter, she in her overalls swinging the long-helved axe like a man. Together they had cut down the oak and the maple and the hemlock, opening more grazing for the cows which were always running short of pasture. To the left was the tiny orchard where they had often butchered.

Blashko

Hen caught his breath with pain. A scene long-forgotten came back to mind. Again he saw the little boy, Bobby, their only child who had died years ago. He would have been old enough to be in the army now: old enough to give a hand to keep hold of the farm. It was in this very spot he and the woman had been scraping the hog, Bobby bossing them, with a matchstick in his mouth. Across the fields had come a couple of hunters. They had stood for a while watching. One finally had said rosin was best to get a hog's bristle off, the other had argued for boat pitch, and then the little son shrilling, "We uses elbow's grease. We always uses elbow's grease."

Shaking himself loose from this scene, Hen crossed the fields. No, he had never been able to buy enough lime for the sour soil. The fields here were full of the devil's paintbrush which made you snort, and there was the wet and the bullhole in which the horses had often gotten stuck. Like the Land Bank fella had said—the land was tired, used out. Yes, he had studied the quarters of heaven, planting in the Crab and the Bull, in the right kind of a moon, destroying weeds in the Lion, and the more he had worked the deeper he had gotten in the hole. He leaned heavily on a fence, and hung there for a long time without stirring.

When he got back, his wife cried, "Where you been?"

"John gone?"

"Sure, he gone!" With a glare at him, she continued pacing, her dress moving over her hips.

He attended to the stove, wound the clock, took his shoes and overalls off, and went to bed. He could not sleep while Helen kept walking back and forth as if she had her belly again, as if it were the night before she had the son. At last she clambered in beside him. When he heard her making mouthing sounds and kneading the pillow with her head, he put his arms around the woman who had borne the neckyoke uncomplainingly with him for over thirty years and whom he loved like a big, overgrown daughter. Slowly he stroked her shoulder with his small hard hand.

The examiners and the lawyers came, and when all the papers had been signed, Hen felt as if his vitals had been ripped out of him. He could not face the woman, he kept out of the house, slogged around in the thawing fields. And in the morning when he went to the barn with his pails, it was only when he opened the door that he remembered his herd was gone.

A limousine drove into the yard. It was the couple that had bought, middle-aged people from the city, who had retired from business and were planning to spend their sum-

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mers on the farm. The man looked over the barn with Hen, and Helen talked to the woman.

The woman smelled fresh and clean and had color like a tubbed house maple. She would surely become a member of the Ladies Aid and stand high in the church. She stepped into the parlor and said in her even voice, "All set, Mrs. Wagner?"

"Not yit. We got stuff, but it'll go soon. Neighbor's comin' with his truck."

"You should thank your stars you're not moving in the city. Those apartment houses are no bigger than shoeboxes in the city."

"Ain't never been there," said Helen.

"You're better off. Why, there's really no place for furniture and books are simply out of the question."

"We ain't got much books," said Helen, trying very hard to make talk. "Once a little sales girl, green-white like one of them plant apheses, comes a-selling. Kinda hungry, she et dinner with us. She was workin her way through some collige. I tell her, I knowed the Bible and the Lord's Prayer, and I don't need no book."

The lady laughed and looked through the window. "What a spring we're having."

"Yeh, the geese is on the nest, and them toads is singin'."

"A lovely spring."

"Yeh, it come early."

The door opened. In came the man buyer with Hen. Hen was saying, "I ain't been in the courthouse sence I was on jury. That was five year back. One case come up was a well-driller git beat out of his pay, and there was a mortgage case. Only time I git a day's wages was in jury." He gave a little broken laugh.

Helen opened the dish closet and took out a tin box. "He smoke these little fellas when he was on the jury, and two is left. Here's bigger ones." She brought out a jar full of cigars, some of which were in glassine, others in foil wrappers.

"These is some of the 'lection cigars those politicians always givin."

The buying couple left, and the farm people went into the barn to start their moving.

"You gonna leave the shinglesbench?" asked the woman.

"We don't need it."

"This here old scyes?"

"We take."

Hen put the scythe to one side and the steelyoked tackle block which he had held so often, always doing three men's work during haying—driving the horse hitched to the harpoon fork, tripping the rope, clambering into the mow to give his wife a hand.

Down from the road chugged the truck with the neighbor who was going to move them. Hen came out of the barn mopping his burned forehead, tobacco in the pulled-down corners of his mouth. He looked at the neighbor with whom he had lived for so many years as if there hadn't been a single strand of fence wire between them. He said tonelessly, "We ready for you, Fritz."

The moving took a couple of days. The last to go were the household articles. When the loading was done, Hen said shyly, "We givin' you plenty trouble, Fritz."

The neighbor who had gotten behind the wheel, said nothing. He rolled a cigarette.

"You got a big bill for us, Fritz."

The neighbor grunted.

"You give us your time, don't fergit."

"By Christ, I will," cried the neighbor. "I'll soak you till you holler!" He cursed and fired his cigarette into the road.

Hen went looking for the woman. He walked through the empty house calling for her. He did not find her in the boy's room. She was near the garden fence staring over the land, over the fields and woods. He stood next to her, a whole head shorter.

Everything that had been matted underneath them in the narrowing circle in which they had turned, had been torn up; they had been called to live over again in a few short hours the struggles of half a lifetime. Here they had buried their youth, their strength, their hope.

Dusk swept over them, noiselessly as if a smudge bucket had been lighted. Hen felt a sudden burning of the eyes. He pulled himself together. The little stock that was left was in the mountain barn waiting to be fed and bedded down for the night. Tomorrow he must start early. It was spring, and he would find work somehow.

His wife moved at the same time that he did. She cried harshly, "What you standin', gapin'?"

They went up to the truck together.

BEN FIELD.

Letter from a Defender

Should havoc strike, should this our city fall,
with our own hands we will mangle and destroy,
the red banks of our frightened river fill
keel-deep with rubble, slaughter of brick and straw.

These streets we built, hungry for avenues,
these dynamos, these cavernous mills of light,
these towers—tired of living on our knees—
bright houses where the slums had soured of late.

Break down the fountains where our children flashed
like leaping fish between the beaks of spray;
crumble the hospital where old men's flesh
in the Indian summer sun grew once more spry.

Plunder the garden with a torch: the roses
blench and the green sod blackens to a scar.
The murdered elm above like gaunt Christ rises
none accusing: all go down in war.

Destroy not with a fury, not with rage—
that way is easiest but not ours—burst
what our hands have knit though beauty's death may wrench
tongue from clamped mouth and heart from crying breast.

Oh enemy, the tears will stay behind
and nothing more, ashes of brave venture.
You cannot build a world from whistling wind;
our sudden sorrow is your deathly future.

Great beast, you sting and perish like the bee,
the rot within complains the rot without.
We sting to life: what living cities bow
tomorrow shall our love raise up from rout.

For ashes have a seed and rubble sons:
ah, see the gleaming domes that pock the sky,
steel girders beaten from forgotten guns,
white endless avenues that blind the eye.

E. G. BURROWS.

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NEW MASSES

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Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL

★

Petitions for Freedom

THE petitions pour in from every part of the country, filled with signatures of men and women in every occupation, in every walk of life. Less than a week ago, the Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder launched its national drive to release the great anti-fascist leader. And within a few days, over 100,000 responded, and at the Committee's headquarters they say they cannot give the latest figures because "It takes time to count the signatures, and we're snowed under."

The freedom of Earl Browder has come to mean far more than the liberation of a beloved spokesman of the people. Today, his freedom is a prerequisite to achieving the national unity that alone can strike the smashing blow against Hitlerism. Every moment counts. Earl Browder must be freed *now,* without a whit more delay. We call on our readers, who have participated in so many good fights in the past, to plunge wholeheartedly into this all-important drive.

Three Speeches

APART from the decisions of the Moscow Conference, last week was one of important speeches, rather than important events. There was Hitler's address, the first since June 22; there was Prime Minister Churchill's report to the House of Commons on some problems of the war; and then there was Col. Frank Knox's speech to the American Bar Association.

From these three speeches, at least two main facts stand out. First, that the Nazis are really having trouble selling the war and the results of the war to the German people; second, that the anti-Hitler forces are not yet taking full advantage of Hitler's difficulties. They are not yet doing enough to snatch the initiative from his hands.

The tone and context of Hitler's remarks were defensive. He felt impelled to restate all the "arguments" for attacking the USSR. He virtually apologized to the German soldiers for keeping them uninformed of when and where they were being led. He urged his audience to believe the reports of the High Command implicitly. His many exhortations for greater unity and sacrifice reflected the fact that the Nazis are having difficulty commanding unity and sacrifice among the German masses. And the contradiction in Hitler's address was glaring: while he boasted that Soviet strength had already been "broken," he nevertheless admitted that "gigantic" fighting was in process against a "powerfully armed" foe, fighting that was definitely going into the next year. Coupled with the reports of open revolt against Germany in Czechoslovakia and Serbia, Hitler's speech unquestionably revealed that the Nazis are worried over the future.

The prime minister had encouraging things to report: primarily that British sea losses have decreased, and as he strongly implied, they would further decrease with help from the American Navy. But on the crucial issue of when and whether the British will undertake a diversion on the continent, Churchill's remarks will probably be disappointing in Britain. His whole approach was one of irritation with the persistent popular demand for action. He urged that the government be given a free hand to run the war as it saw best.

And then, there was Mr. Knox' speech on seapower. On the one hand, the Secretary of the Navy emphasized strongly that Germany is a menace to us, which we must be prepared to fight beyond the hemisphere. He made it clear that the defeat of Hitler is now an integral part of our national policy. This was all to the good and well stated. Yet he spent much of his time ruminating on the control of the seas which Britain and the United States must maintain for a hundred years after the war is won. The truth of the matter is that this phase of his discussion was really unnecessary. It is far too early to worry about the kind of peace we will have when the war is won. It is never too soon, however, to emphasize winning the war. That is really the first and foremost issue. Considerations of the far future will only tend to divide the anti-fascist forces. Considerations of present tasks will unite them. And unity plus action is the paramount need.

THAT IS WHY the Moscow Conference struck such a powerful note. It breathed the spirit of unity plus action. It was visible proof that the great democratic powers are able to cooperate, to work out practical plans in their joint behalf. The businesslike procedure, the speed with which the discussions were concluded, the evident satisfaction on the part of all the delegates offers ground for believing that substantial war materials will be reaching the Soviet front this fall, winter, and next spring.

As Molotov observed in his remarks at the close of the conference: "This combination of efforts of such great powers as the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union . . . predetermines to a great extent the final success of our struggle with the Hitlerites no matter how much they extol their temporary successes in one or another sector of the war front."

Let it be clear that in doing our share to expand production and get materials overseas to the Eastern Front, we Americans are not merely helping the valiant Soviet armies. It is not only a matter of humanitarian sympathy for their epic sacrifice; it is a matter of defending our own security, our own destiny which stands or falls with the destinies of the British and Soviet people.

At Leningrad the Nazis have suffered several setbacks in the last ten days, the defenders having recaptured important towns beyond the suburbs and virtually isolated the German columns on the east bank of the Neva river. Likewise the strong Soviet defense of the Ukraine between Kharkov and Rostov and the inability of the Germans to make any substantial progress at the Crimean Peninsula seem to have forced Hitler to stake everything on a direct thrust for Moscow from the central zone. Held in the north and in the south, the German High Command is again throwing its weight around in the effort to break through in the center. A big push is reported begun in the general region of Bryansk and is directed somewhat north of Moscow. This is evidently Hitler's big bid for a decisive victory before the heavy winter sets in, and before the decisions of the Moscow conference will have been realized. It is too early to make any judgment of the chances of either side, except to observe that in this region, the invaders face Marshal Timoshenko's armies, heavily entrenched and solidified by their recent gains around Smolensk.

Danger in Neutrality

CONGRESS ought not lose valuable time in prolonged discussions about revising the Neutrality Act. Whether the President requests a wholesale scrapping of this outworn law, or confines himself merely to the arming of our merchantmen through enlarged executive powers is not quite the important thing. The important thing is that every barrier to our unhampered commerce on the high seas must be removed. Our ships are being sunk by Nazi submarines, as, for example, the tanker I. C. White just the other day. Our materials are sorely needed at the fighting fronts and our delegates at the Moscow Conference pledged that these materials would arrive.

It is high time therefore that American merchantmen be permitted to sail into the war zones—armed, as they necessarily must be. The Nazis have long ceased to respect these neutrality laws. It is time that we also ceased to bind ourselves by laws that no longer correspond to the character of the war, or the conditions under which it must be fought. In the House sentiment for scrapping the act seems to include a large majority; there may be some debate in the Senate, but there is no doubt that the majority of the people favor an all-out policy of assistance to our allies, a policy which demands that our ships get safely across the seas.

Next to revising the Neutrality Act, Congress still has on its order of business, the recommendation for the second lend-lease appropriations, something just under $6,000,000,000. This too is "must" legislation. The appeasers in Congress are trying to exclude the USSR from the provisions of lend-lease,

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in the hope of hamstringing the lend-lease machinery itself. This maneuver ought not be allowed to succeed. Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce and head of the RFC, told reporters the other day that he favored including the USSR in the lend-lease provisions; coming from such a hard-headed business man like Jones, there ought to be no grounds for hesitation in Congress. The appropriations must be passed, and in a hurry, giving full equality, in fact, priority, to the needs of the Eastern Front.

Louis Dembitz Brandeis

JUSTICE BRANDEIS was one of the "nine old men." During the first and second Roosevelt administrations, the Supreme Court became synonymous with the ugliest reaction, with the stultification of the democratic process. Yet Justice Brandeis, with his colleague Benjamin Cardozo, was never really identified with the nine old men. For, in the whole controversy between the people and the Court, Brandeis maintained his liberalism, upholding an anti-monopoly outlook in support of New Deal reforms. Louis D. Brandeis was a more than usually consistent man: he had fought monopoly from his youth and he continued to fight what he called the "curse of bigness." His career epitomized the trend of liberal thought during the thirty years and more that he participated so creditably in public life.

But his outlook also illustrated the weakness of a liberalism based on philosophic idealism and motivated by hatred of "size." True, in Massachusetts politics and later on the bench, Justice Brandeis fought without respite against the incursions of monopoly and against the corruption it brought with it. He was an able crusader for minimum wage laws. He gave voice to consumers' needs, to the desperate struggle for survival of small business overwhelmed by huge and ruthless corporations. But Justice Brandeis, like his elder contemporary Senator LaFollette, Sr., had almost no understanding of labor's primary role in this struggle, and still less perception that monopoly was more than the "curse of bigness," not to be "cured" by denunciation or by plans to recapture the good old days.

It is sad that an indelible part of his record must be his refusal to grant a stay of execution to Sacco and Vanzetti. His excuse at the time was that his daughter Susan had been interested in attempts to stop the murder of the two working class victims, and his legal ethics prevented him from interfering lest a stay granted by him be interpreted as stemming from "undue pressure." Perhaps this terrible blot is lightened somewhat by subsequent actions in the Scottsboro and Herndon cases, by his firm stand against Munich, by his unwavering opposition to fascism. His death marks the passing of a great liberal of another generation.

An Issue Without Substance

IT IS unfortunate that in the wake of the successful Moscow Conference, which joined the economic efforts of the Soviet Union, Britain, and the United States for the war against Hitlerism, a diversion has been created that threatens to obstruct the Roosevelt administration's efforts to send all possible aid to the Soviet front. The Soviet attitude toward religion is no more an issue in this war than is the American government's attitude toward Communism. The governments allied in this conflict have a single common meeting ground: their determination to rid the world once and for all of the Nazi menace. On other questions they may and do have differences, but they have deliberately subordinated these differences to the central common aim. The attempt to make religion an issue in this war stems from sources whose own political activities are suspect. S. A. Lozovsky, Soviet spokesman, put his finger on them when he said that those "in the United States who put particular stress on the question of religion and who attack Roosevelt from this angle are those who support Germany and try to utilize the question of religion for this purpose." This is confirmed by the shrieking advertisement of the America First Committee which uses an anti-Soviet tirade of one of the arch-reactionaries in the Catholic hierarchy, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, to attack the President's foreign policy.

When President Roosevelt cited Article 124 of the Soviet Constitution guaranteeing freedom of worship as well as of anti-religious propaganda, he was calling attention to an elementary fact. Undoubtedly, he hoped that this would strengthen support for his policy by depriving the appeasers of one of their favorite weapons: the hoary canard that religion is persecuted in the Soviet Union. The President, however, underestimated the lengths to which the appeaser gang would go. They have raised a hue and cry in order to weaken the struggle against the greatest enemy of religious and all other freedom, Adolph Hitler.

Freedom of worship in the Soviet Union is a fact. Correspondents who discovered 1,000 Soviet citizens attending services at the Yeslokhovo Cathedral in Moscow last Sunday were discovering the obvious. As Lozovsky's official statement pointed out, there are many religious denominations functioning in the Soviet Union. And he might have added that they have far greater religious freedom than under czarism when Russia was a hotbed of religious strife and dissident sects were persecuted by the corrupt Orthodox Church whose head was the czar. Undoubtedly there have been instances where overzealous local Soviet officials have resorted to high-handed measures to close churches. But such officials have usually been removed for exceeding their powers.

What anti-Soviet propagandists have described as "religious persecution" have generally been police measures taken by the government against reactionary clerics who secretly conspired against the Soviet regime. These measures had no more to do with religion than had the counter-revolutionary political activities of the individuals involved. Even such cases have now become rare and it was at the insistence of Joseph Stalin that the new Constitution granted the franchise to priests.

At the same time no religious schools are permitted (nor, for that matter, any schools organized by private individuals) since education is considered the prerogative of the state. And it is quite true that the Soviet state seeks to imbue its citizens with a rational, scientific outlook; it is precisely for this reason that the spiritual development of the Soviet people has reached new heights, as demonstrated by the remarkable morale of both soldiers and civilians. It is because in the USSR there have been fulfilled those ideals and moral values which sincere Christians have cherished throughout the ages that such distinguished clergymen as the Dean of Canterbury in England and Dr. Harry F. Ward in the United States have become warm friends of that country.

Those who seek to disrupt our national defense by concocting a false issue about religious freedom in the USSR prefer to keep silent about the real suppresion of religious freedom in Nazi Germany. Sen. James Mead of New York, himself a Catholic, has performed a patriotic service by placing before the Senate documentary evidence of the persecution and looting of the Catholic Church in Germany. "Catholics, Protestants, and Jews have all suffered alike from the pogroms of Hitler," Senator Mead said. And he ridiculed Hitler's attempt to depict the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union as a crusade for Christianity.

In like vein four Protestant editors, Dr. Paul Tillich, Dr. James Luther Adams, Pierre van Paassen, and Kenneth Leslie, have protested the attempt to create a religious issue regarding the USSR. They have particularly singled out for criticism Rev. Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, vice president of Georgetown University.

In England, as Claude Cockburn points out in his cable on page 12, various religious denominations are joining hands in giving full support for the war and for the Soviet alliance. Whatever our opinion may be regarding religious freedom in the USSR, we in this country must likewise reject the attempts of those who play Hitler's game to divide us on what is essentially a fake issue.

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ILYA EHRENBOURG'S ART

Samuel Putnam recalls the great Soviet journalist in Paris in the days before the "Slow Curtain." The eyes that saw through a degenerate cafe culture. His essay on Unamuno.

Author's Note.—The other day, in rummaging through my papers, I came upon the following piece which I had written six years ago as part of a book on the European scene that was started but never completed. I was not long back from France at the time, and had just finished reading Ilya Ehrenbourg's collection of essays, published in 1934, and bearing the significant title *Zatyanuvshayasya Razvyazka.* Literally this title means something like *Long-Drawn-Out Denouement,* but it struck me that it could be admirably rendered as "Slow Curtain"; for that was what the author in reality was doing: watching the slow curtain that was falling on the culture and civilization of the France of the Two Hundred Families. It was a France I knew; and as will be seen, I had also known Ehrenbourg in a way, but it was not until I read his book that I came to understand him. At the same time, he gave me an understanding of the picture which, without grasping its deep, underlying significance, I had tried to convey in my *European Caravan* a few years previously.

Today, as I read Ehrenbourg's pages again and reread this little essay, which tries to give their substance, it seems to me that the author had the answer then, the answer before the event—that answer which, with all their sophistical stammerings, the Messrs. Romains, Maurois, and others are quite unable to give us. This, on the cultural plane, is the explanation of what happened to France in 1939. It is also the explanation of what is happening today on the Eastern Front.

BACK in the days when I was a resident of Montparnasse, I used to see almost every day, crossing the carrefour Vavin, going down the rue Delambre, or seated in the Dome, a figure that became extremely familiar to me, which yet remained strange and distant. One's first impression probably was the pronounced stoop of the shoulders, contrasting vividly with a body that held a feeling of strength. Young or old? Your guess would be from thirty to forty. Possibly under thirty, or over forty. One of those individuals with whom age somehow does not matter.

Pass him in the street, and he would dart up at you a quick, instantly lowered glance. Save when sitting in the cafe, he always appeared to be going very definitely somewhere, which in itself was something of an anomaly for the Quarter. His glance was a hasty one. It might be taken for evasive. But after you had encountered it once or twice, you came to be almost afraid of it; at least it made you a little uncomfortable, made you squirm a little, inwardly. That distance, that intentness, that cold unconcern—but was it coldness or unconcern?—were rather annihilating in effect. One felt oneself included in a none too flattering scene to which those eyes were all too accustomed.

Another picture, and a frequent one. He is seated in that indiscriminate rendezvous, the Dome, usually alone and with a French or Russian newspaper in his hand. But is he reading? Reading what? The eyes lift from moment to moment over the top edge of the paper, roam over the noisy, at times blaring, room. They are reading still, reading that scene. Their distance—a defensive distance, one begins to sense—is pierced now by a human interest in the spectacle.

Ilya Ehrenbourg is watching, watching the death of a civilization, the ugly death agony and contortions of a once great culture, the bourgeois culture and civilization of Occidental Europe. And unlike M. Celine, for example, he does not find the sight amusing.

Celine, the author of the *Journey to the End of the Night,* had to see "Monsieur de Paris," the Paris executioner, at work. He was unable to resist the temptation to wisecrack. "The guillotine," he observed, "is the Prix Goncourt of crime." Even the headsman was shocked at such levity on the part of a supposedly distinguished writer and had to turn away to hide his disgust. Ehrenbourg sees nothing funny in such a "party."

Personally, I met him just once, being introduced to him in a magazine office. We exchanged the usual meaningless commonplaces. I often afterward wanted to go up and talk to him; but as I have said, I was more than a little intimidated, especially after I had seen those eyes above the newspaper surveying an obstreperous American "artist" or two and had noted the abashment, for such it seemed, with which Ehrenbourg hastily dropped his gaze. He was not invariably alone. I would see him sometimes with a group of French writers. But I do not believe (I may be wrong) that any of the Americans came to know him well. We were quite too busy in those days with *transitions,* Revolutions of the Word, and what not.

Ilya Ehrenbourg

It is only now, after having acquired a reading knowledge of Russian and after having read his collection of essays and sketches (the *Zatyanuvshayasya Razvyazka*) that I feel I have at last made the acquaintance of Ehrenbourg the man, the very, very human and saddened individual, as well as that of a new writer, differing from the creative *fantaisiste* whom I had previously enjoyed, but with much of the old fantasy and humor, a humor that is never out of place and which is often close to satire, or becomes satire, carried over into a critical form to help mold a merciless and brilliant new technique of literary reportage from which any progressive writer might learn a great deal. I now know the meaning of that hastily lowered glance under the hat brim or over the newspaper's edge in the clamorous cafe du Dome.

I can now perceive that Ehrenbourg *saw* the scene as we others, most of us, French, Americans, Icelanders, or Argentinians, failed to see it. He not only saw it—we did that, or thought we did—he *saw through* it, to the social, economic, political implications and meaning behind it all. Yes, behind the degenerate antics of a cafe du Dome. Behind the childish pranks, the *"enquetes"* and perversions of the Surrealists. He saw the relation between the Dome and the "rout" given by Monsieur and Madame Andre Maurois for their daughter at the Ritz, with, in place of guessing games, Jean Cocteau providing the amusement by actually baptizing, in due sacerdotal form, his newborn godchild.

Or it might be the *mondain* Paul Morand, gliding through life on a cushioned diplomat's passport and depicting the eternal feminine in the same eternal bourgeois setting, whether as of London or Siam—Morand, who wanted his hide when he was dead made into a traveling bag, but who, in the world's present state (1935), is terribly concerned with saving his hide, and who sees no better way of doing it, no better means of accomplishing the "moral regeneration of the West," than by looking to Herr Hitler. Yet M. Morand resents the intrusion of politics into literature, of the stormtrooper into the Ivory Tower. He wants "clean corpses," so he says.

Or it might be a "machine-fighting" Duhamel, taking time out to worry over the quarrelsomeness of the French bourgeois family. It might be a "choking" Mauriac, pottering over original sin. It might be a Spanish Unamuno, dean of quibblers, in that weird no man's land of the mind which he inhabits

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(incidentally, quite a respectable problem in criticism, this, calling as it does for some knowledge of backgrounds).

Ehrenbourg had seen it all, with seeing eyes. As a traveler stranded in Czechoslovakia, in search of a visa for his Soviet passport that would take him from Prague to Paris, he had viewed the "jungles of Europe," that perdurable powder-keg where racial hatreds flare, where fascisms and fuehrers are in the air. . . . Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Italy: true, he makes an amusing story out of it, but . . . . He had studied the relation of fascism to culture, whether a fascism that is in power, as in Italy and Germany, or one that is jumping for the saddle as in France and elsewhere. And as he sat there over his newspaper, amid the shoddy, raucous, fantastic *vie de Boheme* of Montparnasse, he seemed to be drawing it all in to him, as he does in this book, all the crazy pieces falling into place like the bits of a jigsaw puzzle, or jostling the new dog restaurant which had just opened in Paris, serving a ten-franc dinner de luxe for canines, while an unemployed worker's or artist's allowance from the government, if he is lucky enough to have one, is eight francs a day and a farm laborer earns fifteen.

M. Tardieu, who thinks the country is going to the dogs on account of the radicals, makes a dinner on *canard rouennais,* then gives out a statement on the need for optimism. Other gourmets of Paris feed upon "the pride of the Paris menagerie, the lioness, 'Sultana,' devouring the 'king of beasts' with madeira sauce." It reads like a page from Petronius or from Juvenal. From the provinces, the "mother of a large family" writes in to a Paris newspaper to complain that, while she is unable, on her husband's fifteen-francs-a-day wage, to buy bread for her family, the local *maire* and other well-to-do gentry are feeding their chickens the finest of wheat. The editor, "a skeptical and jovial chap," puts the letter in the funny column. Ehrenbourg's comment is:

"She never heard of that furthest reach of governmental prudence, the coloring of grain so that the people may not have cheap bread to eat. But dyed a blood red, the kernels are gobbled up by hogs and chickens."

And then, he links it up:

"It never occurs to her that her plucky husband is the victim of a perishing civilization."

That same civilization which is typified by a Jean Cocteau christening his godchild at the Ritz, or by the Surrealist poets Breton, Eluard *et cie.,* arguing over the "profession" of a scrap of velvet. One by one, the jigsaw pieces fall into place, and the result is a map of Western culture as it is today. Yes, quite another "twilight of the West," this! Yet French writers are always saying to him, Ehrenbourg tells us, that "real culture exists only in the Occident," having never heard, apparently, of Dostoyevsky. The Soviet essayist brings all the threads together in a telling article entitled "The Last of the Byzantines," followed by an "Implausible Epilogue":

"When the Osmanli stood beneath the walls of Byzantium, were the snobs of the place dozing, and did they awake only to argue over whose chariot had come in first in the race?"

It was Arnold, wasn't it, who spoke of seeing life clearly and seeing it whole? Only the Marxist can do that today, through the lens of the class struggle and historical materialism. Only the Marxist writer can do it in literature; and this naturally shows with especial clearness in the forms of criticism and the essay. This is the way that Ehrenbourg sees the inextricably interwoven life and culture of the Europe of today. He speaks, not with hatred, but with love of a great culture that has been.

"I realize," he says, "that a dog restaurant and the taxi girls are by no means Paris. If I have begun with diverting trifles, it is because I love this country and this city. It is easy enough to laugh at a dining room for dogs; but the smile with me turns to a wry grimace when I look at the representatives of the highest culture."

Even wine in time, if not properly tended, loses its bouquet and its savor and becomes merely an unpleasant-tasting liquid. Ehrenbourg's thesis might be summed up in this significant sentence of his:

"Books on the shelf and monuments in the public square are powerless to fecundate thought."

What better criticism could there be of a culture such as that of present-day France, for instance? Where a writer of Celine's standing can say: "A dictatorship? Why not? Make over mankind? And what flag are you going to unfurl? The swastika or the hammer and sickle? And who's going to govern? M. Andre Gide? There's nothing to do but take what they give us."

Ehrenbourg: "Celine believed that on his lips was an amused smile; but that smile strongly resembled the grin of a corpse."

The verdict, that of the Marxist:

"Let them build at once a new country; let them save from the wreckage all that is truly great in the old world—the books they burn, the human feelings at which they jeer, the labor that they hold in contempt."

I now understand the meaning of that rare smile I used to catch above Ilya Ehrenbourg's newspaper in the cafe du Dome.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

★

The following is from the introduction to Ehrenbourg's essay on Unamuno, in the volume discussed by Mr. Putnam in the preceding article. The translation has been made by Mr. Putnam, from the original Russian.

DURING the War there was a narrow strip of land between the opposing trenches. Shells burst over it daily. It was veiled in a cloud of poison gas. It was strewn with barbed wire and corpses. "No Man's Land" they called it. Now who would ever think of seeking safety in a hellish place like this? Yet in our own era of social warfare, many writers fancy themselves neutrals. They think to roam about in No Man's Land with their typewriters, their publishers, and the whole company of the Muses. They imagine that large editions and popular applause will be able to save them from the rain of shells.

In front of the Berlin Opera a bonfire is blazing away. The reflected glow from that fire alarms even the "neutrals"; for it is not merely Communist works that are going up in smoke, but along with them those of Jack London, Stefan Zweig, Feodor Sologub.

This gesture was a perfectly logical one on the part of the German fascists. The overproduction of paper did not permit of their sending these "dangerous" books back to the mill. As to the dread of dangerous thinking, that is a matter of age on the part of the social class concerned. The Soviet revolutionists could calmly publish letters of the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna. The so-called "national revolutionists" lost no time in burning the letters of Rosa Luxemburg. That is because the younger class is free of superstitious fears; it does not believe in ghosts nor wrestle with cadavers.

The workers honor Shakespeare and Goethe and Pushkin. They are engaged in building a new world, not in a metaphysical cloudland, but upon the earth, an earth rendered fertile for generations to come. Soviet publishing houses put out the works of Virgil and Seneca, Kropotkin, Nietzsche, and Tolstoy. In Soviet libraries will be found the novels of Marcel Proust, and on the Soviet stage the plays of Paul Claudel. A series of important studies is devoted to the poetic genius of Tuytcheff. This, despite the fact that Tuytcheff was a Slavophile, a monarchist, and the czar's censor. For Soviet publishers know there is much that young poets may learn from him.

The workers, in short, do not at once run for the fire. History itself is not merely an incubator; it is a very fine crematory. The dictatorship of the younger class is a dictatorship of the roving eye and sturdy limb. The dying class is a craven one, fearful of everything. Upon stepping into the library, Herr Goebbels, a writer without talent but all-powerful as a minister, can think of nothing better to do than to reach for the matchbox. He would like to be a tragic Don Quixote; but he strongly resembles that mayor of a Russian town who fired his revolver at his soup dish because the soup was hot.

Soviet writers know that the path of the proletariat is a painful straining after and conquest of culture. In Soviet society, writers first of all feel themselves to be neither outcasts, nor anchorites, nor entertainers whose business it is to amuse; they feel that they are the builders of life. All the mistakes committed in the course of fifteen years on the part of individual writers or literary groups are powerless to alter this fundamental attitude. Soviet literature is something more than

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a manifesto; it is a phenomenon of which there is talk far and wide within the confines of the USSR. An artistic phenomenon which, in its vitality, shows itself to be the direct heir of the Russian literature of the last century, it at the same time brings something new: the pathos of struggle, the cult of labor, the joy of living. It is sufficient to recall the names of Mayakovsky and Pasternak, Babel and Olesha, Sholokhov and Tinyanov, Fadeyev and Fedin, by way of indicating its specific character.

German fascists prefer to write with pens. They are now furnished with excellent linotype machines and plenty of paper. The only thing is, there is nothing to write about. There are some 500 terms for the animal reflexes, and these they can but play upon over and over again, to the tune of the primitive race. But they still wish to preserve the attributes of civilized society, and so they announce a new era of "national literature." There is only one writer whose zeal can satisfy them on this score, and that is the venerable old pornographer, Hans Heinz Ewers. He, however, shocks the ladies with his vampires; so there is nothing left for him to do but stretch his imagination a little further and describe the leprosy of storm troopers.

They will tell you that the German fascists have not yet had time to provide themselves with a literature. After all, you can't do everything at once; you can't write books and burn them at the same time. But let us turn our attention to the Hitlerites' teachers, the Italian fascists.

In his second childhood Gabriele d'Annunzio keeps on gloating over his own "magnificence," but even the coral brooch-vendors no longer take him seriously. Marinetti is bursting with enthusiasm, but what is it he is so excited over? The draining of the marshes? Or the famine in Sicily and Calabria? The birth of a new consciousness? An alliance of labor and poetry? Nothing of the sort; this fascist mountebank and Futuristic academician is concerned with other problems. For instance, he would like the Italians to stop eating macaroni; it's vulgar. He suggests chicken with rose sauce or glowing ice. He also would have them wear glass hats and aluminum neckties. Thus does a country priding itself upon its spiritual hegemony make of its leading poet a confectioner and a clown. . . . When all the while, the mouths of the unemployed are watering, not for chicken a la rose, but for a plate of macaroni, vulgar though it be.

ILYA EHRENBOURG.

"Liberal" Interpretation

EUROPE IN RETREAT, *by Vera Micheles Dean. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.*

REREADING Miss Dean's work in its third edition, one is struck again and again with the hopeless inadequacy of the "liberal" interpretation of history. This book is, of course, a wholly sincere effort, and, as research director of the Foreign Policy Asso-

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ciation, the author demonstrates full command of the factual evidence, diplomatic details, etc. Her writing is crisp and moves swiftly, but unfortunately doesn't quite get anywhere. In discussing the middle thirties, Miss Dean is so forever viewing all sides of the question that one finds her frequently adopting the theory that, after all, the fascist states were really "have-not" nations. In these passages she often suggests that a war against fascism could only represent the struggle of empires, and would never solve any permanent problems in Europe. Unhappily, also, the bulk of the volume, despite revisions in successive editions, still centers around the Munich crisis; altogether too little space has been devoted to the vast issues surrounding the Soviet-German non-aggression pact, the Finnish crisis, and the consequences of the French debacle last summer.

On the whole, Miss Dean's treatment of Soviet policy succeeds in being fair. But the central difficulty in her analysis flows from a confusion of fascism and Communism, both of which are seen simply as outgrowths of the postwar collapse, the failures of the democratic powers to realize their avowed war aims. Her own proposal for the present crisis is that somehow the democratic powers must not repeat their mistakes, that democracy in some way must be made to work in the economic sphere without jeopardizing personal liberty. What she does not comprehend is the complete antithesis of fascism and Communism: the former as a system for the annihilation of democracy and national independence in every respect, the latter as the inheritor and logical continuation of the ideals of the French and American revolutions, applied to modern industrial civilization. Fascism is the opponent of both liberal capitalism and socialism alike; whereas socialism intends to, and does solve, the problems which liberal capitalism (as Miss Dean admits) is no longer capable of solving. Her failure to grasp the *progressive advance* which socialism represents is common to all "liberal" writers. But this failure, in discussing the past twenty years, nullifies the most serious intentions and most painstaking scholarship.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Brief Reviews

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR, *by Judith Kelly. Harper and Bros. $2.50.*

It is significant that Judith Kelly's novel should win the Harper Prize for 1941-42. Clifton Fadiman, one of the judges, says, "The author illuminates a social class that has of late been neglected in our literature." It cannot be said that the prize-giving groups of the literary world have neglected this class. They have rather shown themselves quite solicitous of the interests of people with money. And now here is a book which proves that well-to-do folks have their troubles too. A prize was only in order.

The story deals with Theo Scofield's marriage to the young architect Tom West, by whom she has two children and whom she loves dearly, until the dread of a child-bearing, household existence drives her into the arms of a university instructor. Confronted with Tom's discovery of her affair, she awakens to the realization of her irresponsibility as well as to the fact that it is Tom whom she truly loves. Whereupon she becomes pregnant and also contracts tuberculosis, thus insuring the triumph of love through tenderness. Miss Kelly risks leading the reader to believe that her literary contrivance is the heroine's own scheme for solving her problems. Contrary to the author's intention, she proves that marriage is *not* a private affair. The anxiety about middle age which besets Theo is, by Miss Kelly's own admission, a disease of the American middle and upper classes. The contradiction between a woman's domestic responsibility and her right to participate productively in modern society is a problem which no miracles of love will solve. The author discredits her theme and does a grave disservice to women by concluding that Theo's revolt is a fashionable aberration curable by a good dose of moral salts.

The spirit of compromise which decks itself out as wisdom is neatly, if unconsciously, symbolized by the parallel theme of Tom's slum-clearing project. Tom objects to government housing because it has to be subsidized; whereas he wants to do good within the bounds of private enterprise. As a result the buildings pay dividends, but the tenants have one bathroom for every two flats.

THE TIME IS NOW! *by Pierre van Paassen. The Dial Press. $1.*

Mr. van Paassen wrote this little book before the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union. There is a good deal of passion in what he has to say, but much of it is misspent. The trouble is, Mr. van Paassen had the wrong premise. "Moscow," he wrote, "is committed to an even closer relationship with Berlin. Their interests do not clash." Six months ago this sort of hot air was accepted in certain circles as the "right thing" to say. Now, it reveals the author's abysmal lack of perception, his willful ignorance of fact. The result of such a premise was a distorted picture, false enough for the press and the appeasers and the imperialists to applaud. And Mr. van Paassen merely gave them what they wanted.

The Time Is Now! can be differentiated from scores of other books of the same genre and the same "insight," by an emotional style. Yet through the fog, the author does glimpse the fact that the United States is deeply menaced by Hitlerism. Mr. van Paassen wants this country to act swiftly. For this there can only be approval. But it would have been far more useful had Mr. van Paassen seen things in their true light. As it is, the hysterics and bad thinking in which he has indulged lay the book open to scorn. Yes, we must stop Hitler *now*. Truth, however, remains the best argument. Mr. van Paassen's fantasies are no more reliable than a patent medicine barker's analysis of cancer.

INVITATION TO LEARNING, *by Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren. Random House. $3.*

Every Sunday afternoon last year the Columbia Broadcasting System presented a series of dialogues on "great books." The leaders of these seminars were Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren. *Invitation to Learning* includes the first group of the series, discussing such tomes as the "Ethics," "Poetics," and "Politics" of Aristotle, Pascal's *Pensees,* Machiavelli's "The Prince," Lessing's *Lookooen,* Lucretius' "On the Nature of Things," and Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria.* The discussions themselves are hardly profound, though the participants hint that they are recreating the Platonic dialogue. And there is an unfortunate touch of snobbery in their choices. For example, *Antony and Cleopatra* is chosen to represent Shakespeare because it is "the least popular" and the "most sophisticated" of his plays. Nothing by Marx and Engels (or Darwin, for that matter) is included.

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE: A Study of the Outlying Territories of the United States. *Edited by William Haas. University of Chicago Press. $4.*

Here is a thoroughly useful volume for those who have only begun to appreciate the historical background and ramifications of the American empire. It is weakest in theory, to be sure. The authors, mostly professors from a battery of American and territorial universities, allow themselves the fond hope that the further development of America's relations with Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Central America, will somehow avoid the misdeeds of the past. They tend to apologize for imperialist trends on the grounds that other nations would have done worse, and they argue that military necessity now forms the over-riding justification for American policy in the Atlantic and Pacific. Be that as it may, however, this volume is rich in information. A great deal of scholarship has gone into the geographic, historical and sociological description of American possessions, which will be valuable for the lay reader.

MILDRED PIERCE, *by James Cain. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

James Cain, author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice,* has written a story whose theme, however slight, proves too large for his present abilities. This tale of a housewife who builds up a successful restaurant business, only to have her happiness ruined by an absolutely ruinous daughter, is of a dullness that no amount of sex can dissipate. Mr. Cain is unfortunately filled with a Grade B picture conception of life. One can only yawn at his characters, especially Mildred and her affair with a droopy polo player.

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STUDIES IN PATHOS

Joy Davidman finds "Honky Tonk" and "Hold Back the Dawn" good reason for a return to New Hampshire. And Alvah Bessie will not forgive George S. Kaufman.

MEDICAL science informs us that there are people who have no gag reflex; that is, you can force anything down their throats and they won't gag on it. For these, no doubt, *Honky Tonk* was intended by its makers. At any rate, no one with normal reflexes had better see this picture; it isn't safe.

Its title is not more than usually inappropriate, and it has all the ingredients of a Western except horses. Claire Trevor, moreover, does something that seems like good acting in the company the poor girl is forced to keep. With these few sentences of somewhat restrained praise, I have said everything good I can find to say about *Honky Tonk*. A film reviewer longs to be profound, analytical; to reach the high level of seriousness attained, sometimes, by book reviewers; but no one can be very profound about a plate of hash. One is reduced to a dark suspicion that the ingredients are overripe.

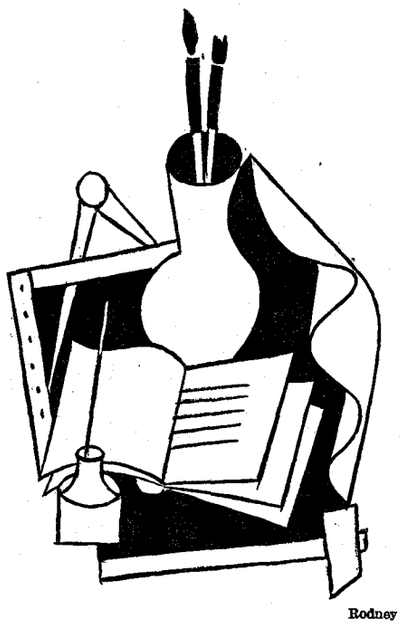
With *Honky Tonk* the suspicion becomes certainty. There is no pretense of coherence in its plot; a nice girl from Boston, pitchforked into a bad western town, exercises a good influence on its chief crook by the highly moral expedient of getting him drunk enough to marry her. From this point morality progresses from bedroom to bedroom, gunfight to gunfight. Finally Clark Gable gives the town back to the Indians and resumes the carefree life of a roving cardsharp, triumphantly assisted by the nice girl. The audience goes out and takes bicarbonate of soda.

Clark Gable wanders through the chief crook's role looking somewhat wild-eyed, as well he may. Claire Trevor, as a not-so-nice girl, is asked to appear in Victorian evening dress and warpaint before breakfast, a boner which passes unnoticed among *Honky Tonk's* welter of incongruities; Miss Lana Turner, for instance, is ironically miscast as the nice girl from Boston. But the juiciest tripe falls to Frank Morgan. As an elderly crook and drunkard, he connives with Clark until Clark becomes his son-in-law; then, if you please, the old boy repents and decides that his little daughter needs protection. And how does he protect her? By breaking up her dinner parties and trying to get her husband lynched. On learning that he is about to become a grandfather, the old boy rallies the citizens to shoot Clark Gable and burn down the City Hall. As a producer once told me, in a picture you got to have an understandable motive.

SUPERFICIALLY, *Hold Back the Dawn* would seem to be quite a different picture from *Honky Tonk*. It has a modern, even a timely theme; it has allowed a certain intelligence to stray into its plotting; its minor parts are played by brilliant actors: it offers Charles Boyer, who is a considerable improvement over Clark Gable, and Olivia de Havilland, who is, at any rate, an improvement over Miss Lana Turner. It is about refugees instead of western bad men.

Yet, basically, the two films are nearly identical. In both a bad man is reformed, piecemeal or all at once, by the love of a pure woman, and in both the pure woman has to be practically killed in a driving accident to put the deal over. Needless to say, these two pictures are not the first to introduce this coy little idea. Nasty characters are always getting redeemed in the movies—by love, by a horse or a dog or an aeroplane, by school spirit and the dear old Siwash football team, or by a little child with golden curls.

But the love of a pure woman is often Hollywood's favorite soul-saving method. In *Hold Back the Dawn,* the pure girl is a schoolteacher, and the bad man is an international gigolo who marries her so he can get into America, where the silliest millionairesses live. The rest of the plot you can predict for yourself; how the reform operates, how the Other Woman (Paulette Goddard, in *such* swanky clothes) spills the beans, how the girl gets busted up, but not disfiguringly, in an auto crash, how the gigolo rushes to her side and is allowed into the United States as a reward for loving his wife. . . . Yes, I reacted that way too; but then I've a notoriously unstable digestion.



Rodney

There are, however, a few bright spots in *Hold Back the Dawn.* It is sometimes mildly funny, it is charmingly photographed, and some of the minor refugees are moving figures. Victor Francen, in particular, a refugee from Paris himself and a great actor, does admirably with his small part. Rosemary de Camp is also good as the woman who slips into the customs office so that her baby can be born on United States soil—the only genuinely effective moment in the film.

Some praise ought also to go to Walter Abel for an engaging portrayal of an immigration official, and to Paulette Goddard, who is always believable when she is being nasty. Mr. Boyer, however, looks unhappy about the whole thing. If these comments seem unduly severe, remember that this reviewer has just returned from a vacation in the pure air of New Hampshire to plunge back into the films. And now she needs New Hampshire again.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Farce and No Fun

"Mr. Big" closes after one week on Broadway.

MR. JOSEPH KESSELRING started something when he wrote *Arsenic and Old Lace,* a farce comedy that gets its effects from the incongruity of having two sweet old ladies turn out to be a pair of particularly heinous murderesses. Ever since then, various Broadway hacks have been trying to cash in on Mr. Kesselring's ingenuity, with little effect.

The latest attempt was *Mr. Big,* which closed after seven performances. It was written by Arthur Sheekman and Margaret Shane, and signalized the emergence of George S. Kaufman as a producer. Mr. Kaufman also directed, and will probably deny that he had any hand in the writing of this flat tire. Yet it remains true that what humor there was in *Mr. Big* smacked suspiciously of the well known "Kaufman touch"—that mixture of slick stagecraft, fast tempo, slightly-less-than-obvious juxtaposition of idea and situation, and corny off-color gags.

The idea, again, was to combine horror with humor. Neither came off despite the gymnastic efforts of a cast of thirty-seven that swarmed all over the theater, offstage, and in the audience, up into the flies, shouting from boxes and orchestra seats and run-

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ning up and down the aisles. From this, you may gather that it was one of those mysteries that takes place in a theater; it was. The hero (a wolf in evening dress) is murdered onstage as he makes a curtain speech. The rest of the time is spent investigating the onstage and offstage cast, while cops patrol the aisles, Western Union messengers run up and down, horses and pigeons appear on the stage, sandwiches are served to those unfortunate enough to get hold of them, and a crusading district attorney, who has been sitting in a box, conducts the nonsensical investigation.

He is the Mr. Big, and the first laugh comes off when he turns out to be Hume Cronyn, a pint-sized actor with a strut. Good enough so far. After that the fun, instead of being fast and furious, is slow and dull-witted. The off-color gags are more off-color than gags. The authors' invention flags from the start, and what action is visible stems entirely from people running back and forth, shouting, being caught in dangling ropes and yanked up into the gridiron, making none too sly innuendoes about each other's sex life.

Mr. Kaufman's authors reveal distinctly bad taste in other respects as well. They are writing "satire." They make a fool of the crusading district attorney by having him stop his investigation intermittently to pose for pictures and make political speeches to the audience. And to demonstrate their impartiality, Mr. Sheekman and Mrs. Shane go on to make raucous "fun" of theatrical unions, too. They're simply a scream, you know. They insist on being paid overtime. They're rackets, too, you know; they want to ring in an orchestra, so long as they have to work overtime.

Then, as might have been expected, the anti-Negro bias inherent in so many Broadway hacks, comes in for a workout. The authors of this mess proceed to exhibit their disgusting conception of Negro character—lazy, shiftless, stupid, fond of flashy clothing, dishonest. I would like to see actors organize to fight this thing, by refusing to play in any production that makes a mockery of the Negro people.

The only intelligence displayed by Mr. Kaufman in this entire business was the sense he revealed when he read the reviews of *Mr. Big*. He decided to close the thing at the end of its first week. It was none too soon, and the people who are now unemployed deserve your sympathy. Particularly Oscar Polk, whose talents were sorely abused; Mr. Cronyn, for his hard work; Betty Furness, for her acidulous second lead; E. J. Ballatine, for a good piece of comic acting; Le Roi Operti, for a good piece of "ham" acting; Mitzi Hajos, for a small but excellent characterization; two small, unnamed Negro boys, for some fine extemporaneous jitterbugging. These people provided the only entertainment in a mystery that had no horror, a farce that was not funny.

ALVAH BESSIE.

O'Neill Revival

One of his lesser plays brought back by the Theater Guild.

JUST why the Theater Guild revived Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* is less of a mystery than why O'Neill ever wrote it. It is one of those things that could have been carpentered by half a dozen other deft Broadway playwrights without being hailed as a great play for longer than a single season. *Ah, Wilderness!* is perhaps the strangest of all the O'Neill interludes and the most inconsequential. It contrasts sharply with both the power and brooding realism of the early plays and the laborious mysticism and psychological self-torment of the later works. Perhaps the dour doyen of American dramatists simply wanted to relax. It seems to this reviewer that the most penetrating comment on the eight-year-old O'Neill opus was made by the lady in the seat behind: "I like it better than *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, don't you?"

This is not to deny that *Ah, Wilderness!* has an engaging family-album charm and warm humor, though much of the latter flutters from such time-worn pegs as drunkenness, an Irish maid, and adolescent *Weltschmerz*. And I confess I was rather startled during the love tryst in the last act between young Dick Miller and his slightly moronic Muriel to discover how easily the play could fit into the Andy Hardy series. The final fadeout in which Nat Miller tells his wife that spring love has its glories, but autumn and winter have their points too, convinced me I was right.

I did not see the original production with George M. Cohan in the leading role, but the present one is excellent, though Eva Le Gallienne's direction is over-leisurely. Harry Carey, the veteran Hollywood Western star, plays the part of Nat Miller affectionately, but without great subtlety. He has too much of the chaw-er-tobaccy manner to be altogether persuasive as the owner of a small-town New England newspaper. The real acting laurels are carried off by Ann Shoemaker as Miller's wife, Essie, and William Prince as Dick Miller.

Ah, Wilderness! is the first of the Theater Guild's revival series. One need not take too solemnly the announcement in the program that "The Theater Guild, recognizing that the American theater is the only active theater left in the world [what about the English and Soviet theaters?] realizes the responsibility which its producers must shoulder." The fact is that for years the carefully coiffured Guild has realized its responsibility only to the carriage trade and the snobs. It is gratifying therefore to note that for this revival series ticket prices range from fifty-five cents to $2.20. And there are things to look forward to in the other plays, which include Sheridan's *The Rivals*, Karel Capek's *R.U.R.*, Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*, and O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms*.

A. B. M.

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Mozart's Works

A review of some of the composer's best known music.

THE tale is told that a mysterious stranger once came to Mozart and commissioned him to compose a requiem at a handsome stipend, for an undisclosed principal. Poverty stricken and in ill health, the composer grasped at the opportunity though he recognized the shabby intention to perform the work as the creation of another. During the course of his labors, his physical resources failed him and he was confined to bed. But he continued his frantic efforts to complete the requiem, sensing that it was to be his own after all. The composer one day distributed the soprano, tenor, and bass parts to those around his bedside, reserving the contralto for himself. The world's premiere of the celebrated "Requiem" was held. The following day Mozart died.

This year marks the 150th anniversary of his death. Distinguished orchestras throughout the country are featuring his compositions and early in November the "Requiem" will be sung at a concert of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Recording companies are vying with each other to pay homage to Mozart; Victor thus far has released at least one of his musical works every month and sometimes two or three.

On the surface, Mozart's life does not seem to have been affected by the turbulent times through which he lived. On the surface, his music never appears to be startling and violent—it sings with serenity and elegance. But the old chestnut about still waters running deep is particularly applicable in this case. The current of the times had begun to set in and while it was not until Beethoven's day that music began to reflect the full spirit of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, we can recognize beneath the polished, unruffled surface of Mozart's music the assembling forces of the European maelstrom.

All too frequently this genius has been poohpoohed as merely a child prodigy—an inspired adolescent. Too few music lovers have discerned the something in Mozart's music which is fully adult. As against the innocent-child myth, there is, for example, Mozart's waning interest in conventional religion and his growing attachment to Freemasonry—then a quasi-political movement with liberal ideas frowned upon by both church and state. There is also his collaboration with DaPonte, an Italian Jew, on "The Marriage of Figaro," a libretto adapted from Beaumarchais' satirical play, which appealed to Mozart because of its anti-aristocratic flavor.

He died at thirty-five—at the height of his creative power and at a stage where he gave every promise of reaching even greater maturity. His ability to compose quickly, easily enabled him to leave a full, brilliant heritage of chamber music, symphonies, sonatas, concertos, operas, and miscellaneous selections beyond record. It is impossible in such

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brief space to discuss his copious output. But you might be interested in reevaluating him for yourself, and an opportunity for this is provided by several new Mozart recordings.

Easily the best known of Mozart's compositions is his charming serenade *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. A recent release with Weingartner conducting the London Symphony Orchestra does full justice to the pure beauty of the music. (Columbia $2.50) Two other recordings of the same selection by the Pro Arte Quartet and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra are equally well done. (Victor $2.50 each) Ranking next in popular esteem is the delightful "Symphony No. 40 in G Minor." The performance by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra captures the silken, lightfooted brilliance of the music and is a sheer delight. (Victor $3.50)

Sir Thomas Beecham is generally regarded as one of the finest living interpreters of Mozart and his new recording of "Symphony No. 39 in E Flat" with the London Philharmonic Orchestra deserves warm praise. (Columbia $3.50) Bruno Walter and the BBC Symphony Orchestra have also turned out a satisfactory reading of this symphony. (Victor $3.50) A magnificent performance of Mozart's "Violin and Piano Sonata in F Major" is presented by Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin. The music reveals the composer's combination of delicacy, firm construction, and melodic richness. (Victor $2.50)

The composer's "Hunt Quartet, No. 17 in B-Flat Major" has to a high degree the characteristic Mozart brightness and beauty of form and is accorded a superb recorded interpretation by the justly renowned Budapest String Quartet. (Victor $3.50) You might also listen to two great artists, Elizabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza, sing arias and duets from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" for musical satire at its best. (Victor $3.00)

This of necessity is a very brief list. But any of these recordings should impress you with Mozart's talent for profound expression. You will hear music in which a deceptive simplicity conceals an enormous skill as well as a tremendous musical intellect.

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GOINGS ON

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HEAR DR. JOSHUA KUNITZ, Writer-Traveller-Lecturer, "WHY THE SOVIET UNION WILL WIN." Sun. Oct. 19, 8:15 pm., Manh'n Trade Sch., 129 E. 22 St. Question-Answers. Adm. 35c.

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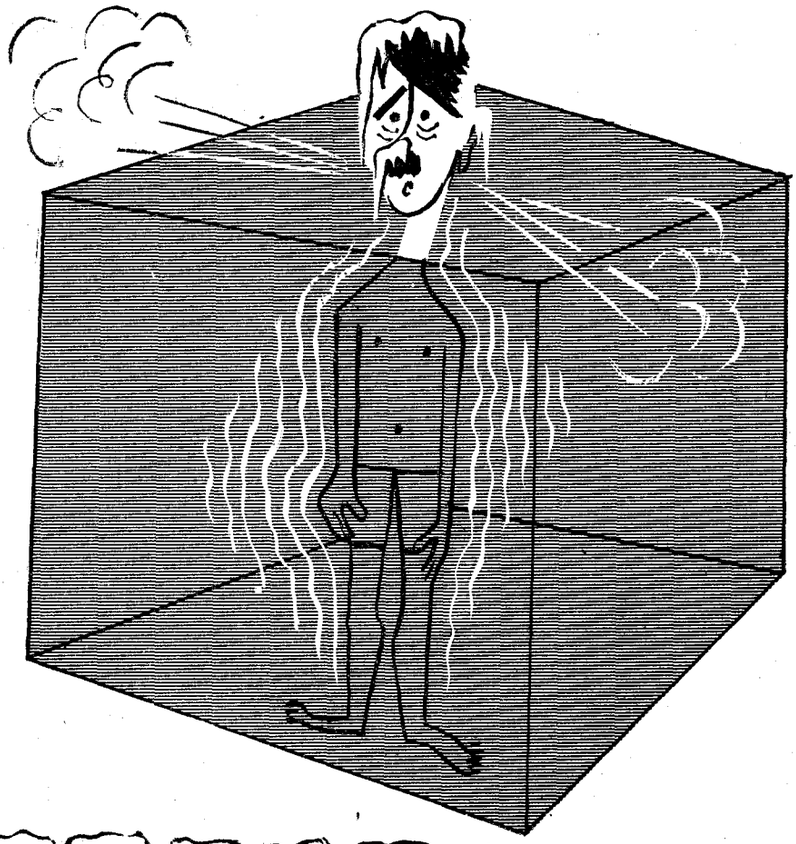

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